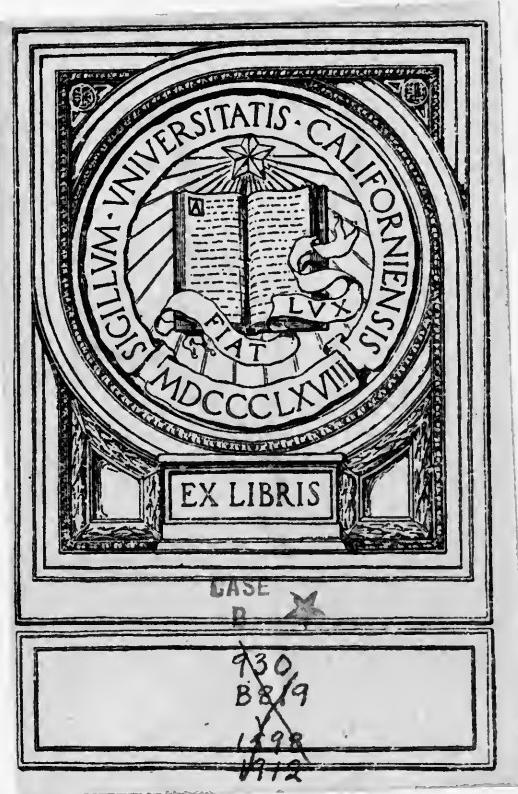


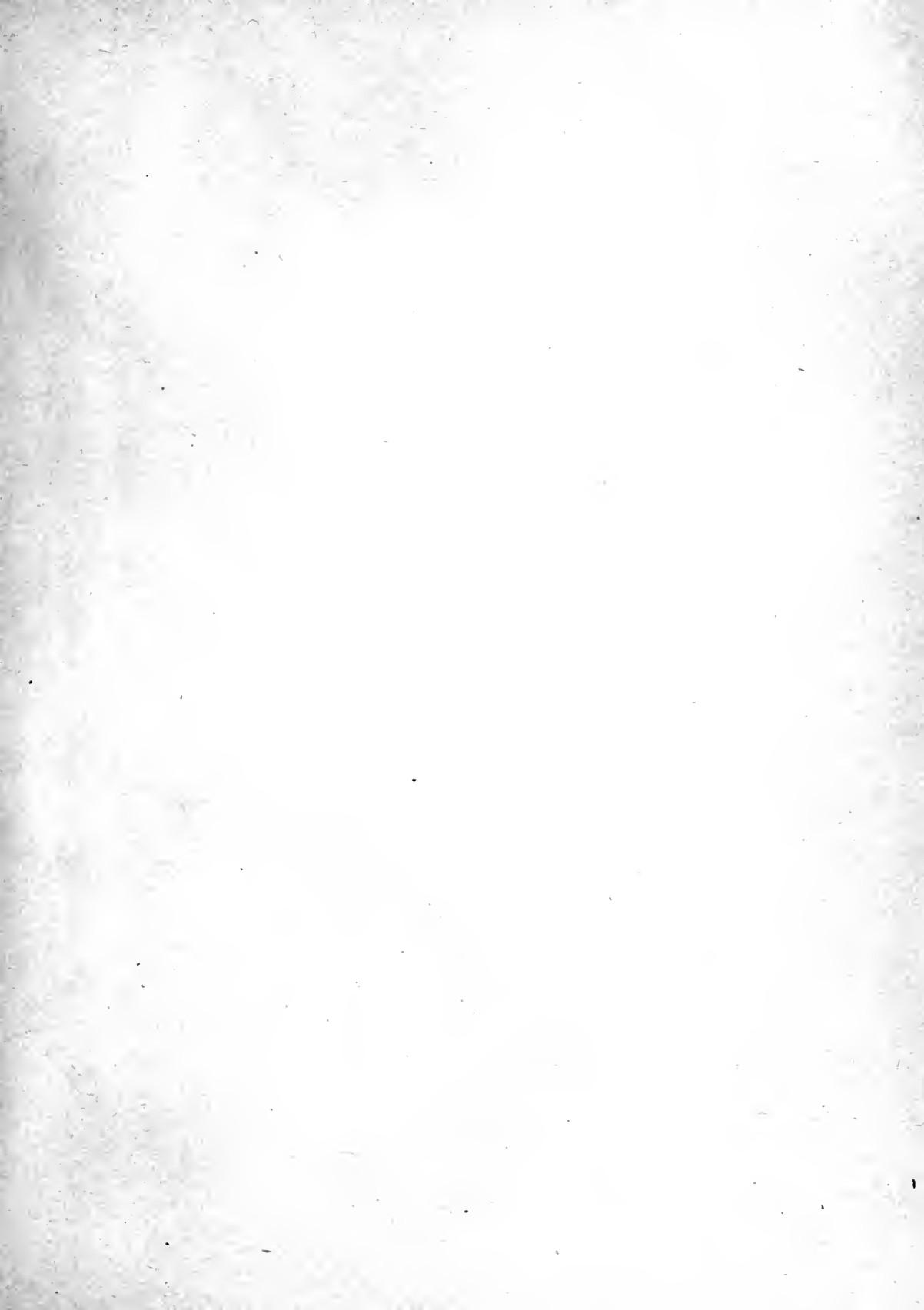
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Virtuous Octavia

by Samuel Brandon

Date of only known edition 1598

(Dyce Collection, S. Kensington.)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Virtuous Octavia

by Samuel Brandon

1598



Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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The Virtuous Octavia

By S. Brandon

1598

This facsimile is from a copy of the original and only known early edition in the Dyce collection at S. Kensington. Other copies are in the Bodleian and at Chatsworth.

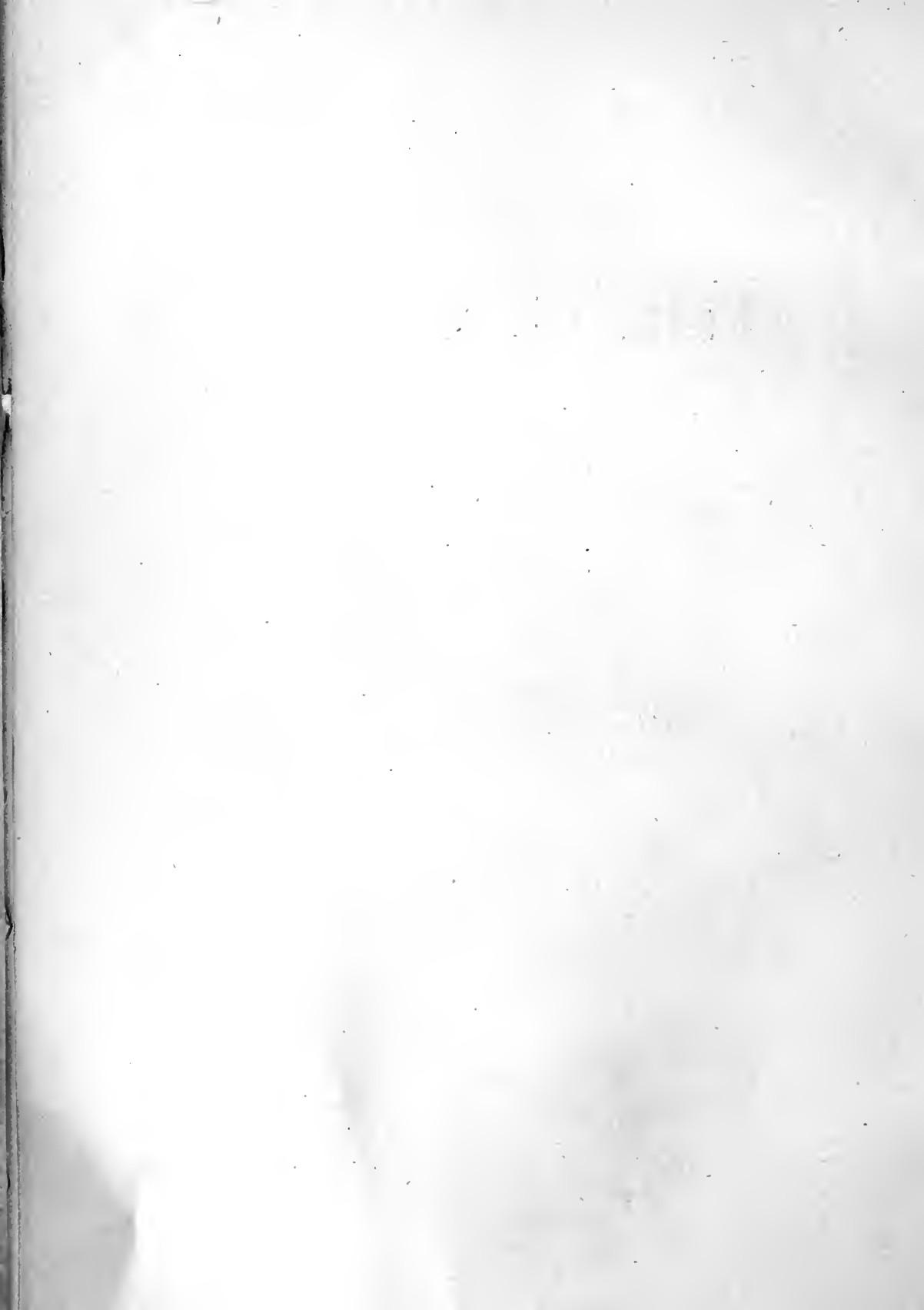
For biographical details the student is referred to "The Dictionary of National Biography."

The special presentment here made, of the verso and recto pages side by side, is due, as in the case of "Tom Tiler and his Wife" (q.v.), to the obvious desirability of introducing no new sizes into this series—these two plays, one a 16mo. and the other a 12mo., standing alone in this respect.

The reproduction is good and in every way satisfactory.

JOHN S. FARMER.

258478



Ma
THE TRA-
GICO MOEDI
of the vertuous
Octavia.

Done by SAMUEL BRANDON.
1598.

Carmen amat, qui quis carmine digna gerit.



LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonbye,
and are to be soulde at his shop
in S.Paules Church-
yarde.

WILLIAM PONSONBYE
PRINTOR,
1598.



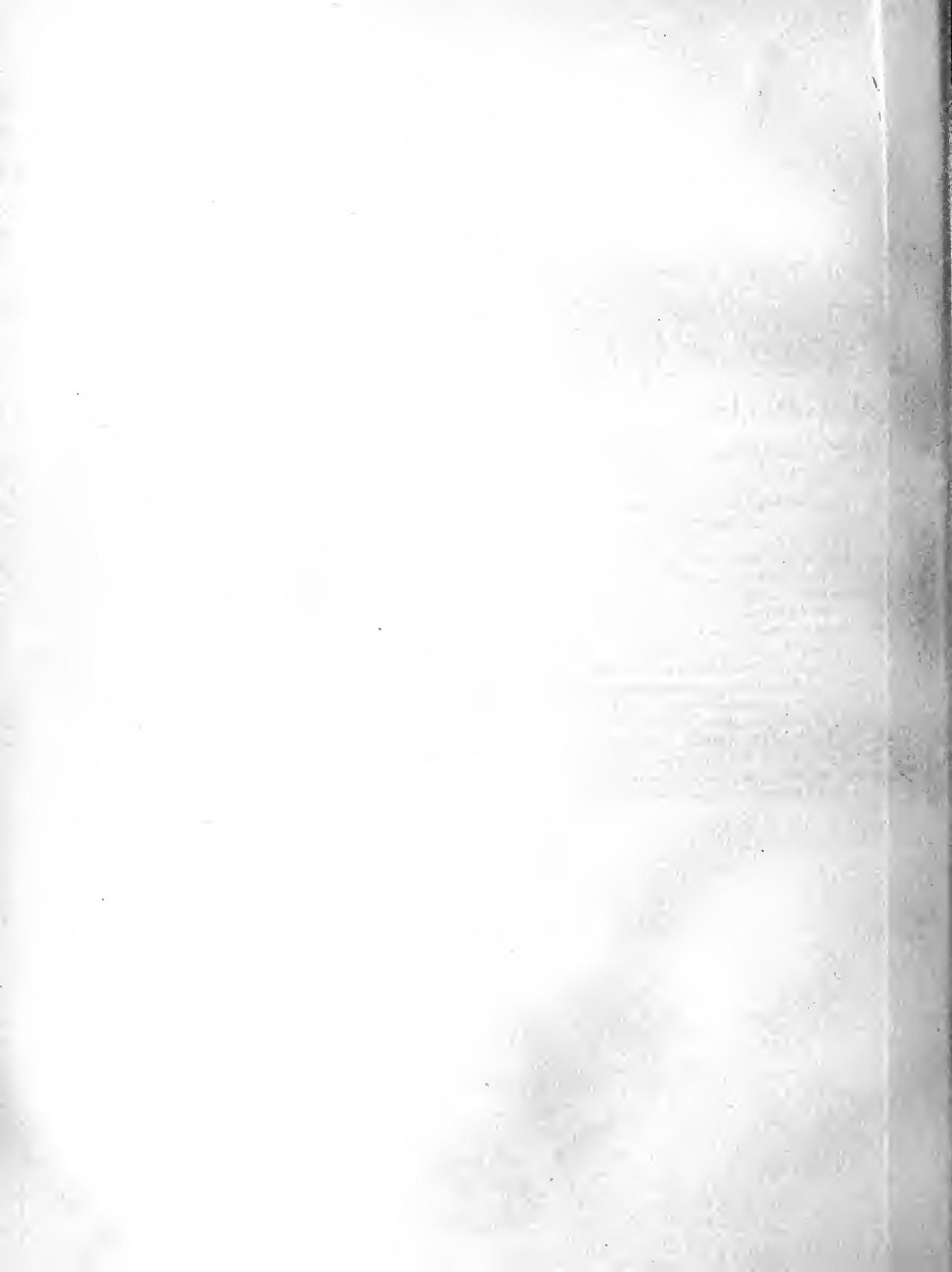
To the right honorable,
and truly vertuous Ladie, the
Ladie LVCIA AVDELAY:
health, honor, happiness
and heauen.

R Are Phœnix, which your life do sacrifice,
In Vertues flame, to finde a life diuine:
Rich treasurer, of keauers best treasures,
In whom worth wisdome honor Vertues shine.
Sdaine not, shese art leffe humble lines to view,
With honors eyes, let vertues plaints be scan'd,
That she whose Vertues doubled are in you,
By you may scape from Lybitinas hand.
Hir dying fame, by you may be preferu'd,
Whiles time, and men, and memory endures:
Your living name by hirs mought be reserued,
Did not these lines, too much hir worth obscure?
These lines, wherein if ought be free from blame,
Your noble Genius taught my Pen the same.

A ii.

All'





All' autore.

T He Thracian Poet, that ruin'd his wife,
Broeding in furies, pity, and delight;
Whose fame dooth yet suruise his shortned life,
Must honor yeeld to what thou doost indire.
For he, who oftentimes by Musc'les force,
Did serpents charme, stremes stay, and trees remoue:
In women's mindes, could never moue remorse,
At his unhappy end deth plainly prooue.
Wherefore most prais'd be shy praise worthy muse,
Which farre surmounts the might of antique age.
Winning that sexes grace, which did refuse
By bearing Orpheus, to relent their rage.
Because no musick with their minde accordes:
But that which vertues harmonic affordes.
MIA.

Prosopopeia al libro.

VV Hen barking enuie saw thy birib,
is straight comemnd the same:
And arm'd his tongue, to giue a charge,
shy weakeuenesse so diffame.
But seeing honor golden hookes,
so kinckt so vertues lyne:
He fled away as halfe afraid,
yet ceas't not to repine.
But feare not Morbus, make resurme,
and haply for thy paine
Thou maist Antonius coullors beare
when he revives againe.
S. B.



The Argument.

After the death of *Julius Cesar*, & the ouerthrow of *Brunus* and *Cassius* the chiefe conspirators: the gouernment of the Romain Empire, remained vnto *Oetanias Cesar*, *Marke Antony*, and (at that time) *Sextus Pompeius*. *Marke Antony*, to confirme an inuiolable league of amitie, betweene *Cesar* and himselfe: tooke to wife *Oetania*, the sister of *Cesar*. *Antony* and *Cesar* falling at debate, met at *Tarentum* with their armes, and had bin the cause of much bloudshed: but that they were appeased, by the wisedome of *Oetania*. Not long after, *Antony* going to make warre with the *Parthians*, and comming into *Syria*: the place renewed the memory, and the memory reuived

the

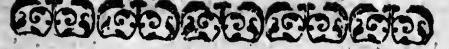
THE ARGUMENT.

the long intermitten loue, he once bare to *Cleopatra* the Queene of *Egipt*: He therefore wholy subiecting himselfe to the desire of this *Cleopatra*: forsaketh his vertuous wife *Oetania*. Wherevpon, his brother *Cesar* disdaining that she should suffer so greate an indignite: maketh warre vpon *Antony*, and ouercometh him, first at *Aetium*, and then at *Pelusium*, to the vetter ruine and destruction, both of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*.

Octa-







Octauiae tragicomœdia.

The stage supposed Rome.

The Actors.

Ottanius Cesar who was afterwards called Augustus.

Ottavia the sister of Cesar & wife of Antony. Mecenas. Two of the nobles of Ottanius Agrippa. S Cesar.

Camilla. Romaine Ladies. Iulia.

Antonies children.

Sylvia, a licentious woman.

Tusins. Consuls.

Plancus.

Geminus a Captaine.

Byllus nuntius.

Chorus. Romano.



Actus primus.

Ottavia. Camilla. Iulia.

*C*amilla, now me thinkes this golden time,
Invites our mindes to bathe in streames of ioy :
See how the earth doth flourish in his prime,
Whose liuery shewes the absence of annoye.
These woods, how they bedeckt with natures pride,
Shew inwardre touche of new eonceived myrtle.
The pretty byrdes, that in their couerts hide,
(Free Cittizens, euен happy from their birthe)
How they reisyre ! and every fenceless thing,
Euen smiles with ioy : the earth perfumes the ayre,
The ayre, sweete Nectar to the earth doth bring,
And both with ioye, beget these children fayre.
How richly nature dooth her wealth enrobe :
Giving each thing his beautie, forme and grace,
Eye-pleasing greene, circle of this our globe,
Great mynour of Apollos youthfull face.
Coulor of life, youthes liuere, how delight
Dwels still with thee, whiles we, whom reason tained
(But falsly namde and if I judge aright)
Princes of all the rest that nature framed :
Still subiect are to sorrowes tyranny,
Slaves to mischance, vassals of fortunes power ;
Bearing

The Tragicaodie

Bearing the yoake of endlesse miserie :
Faire baites of time which dooth vs all deuouire.
Now raisde aloft in honors highest seate,
Yet in that height faire short of sweete content,
Now, throwne downe headlong, be we nere so great,
In gulfe of greefe, which we may not preuent.
Our pleasures,(posting guefts,) make but small stay,
And never once looke backe when they are gone:
Where greefes bide long, and leauue such scores to pay;
As make vs banckerout ere we thinke thereon.
Yet this same earth with new-borne beauties grac'd,
Doth say me thinkes in his dumbe eloquence :
Thus shall you spring, mongst heauenly angels plac'd,
Whē deaths cold winter once hath snatched you hence.
These flowers, do bid vs in their language, read
In beauties booke, how beautie is most fraile :
Whose youthfull pride, th' vntimely steps doth tread,
To deaths black kingdome, darke obliuions vaille.
These natures quiristers, do plainly say,
Waſte thus your time, in setting forth his praise :
Who feedes, who clothes, who ſil our harts with ioye
And from this dead earth, dooth our bodies raife.
Thus all their mitte, are accents of our moane :
Their blif full ſtate, of our vnhappincſſe,
A perfect map, where ondy we alone,
May ſee our good, but never it poſſeſſe.

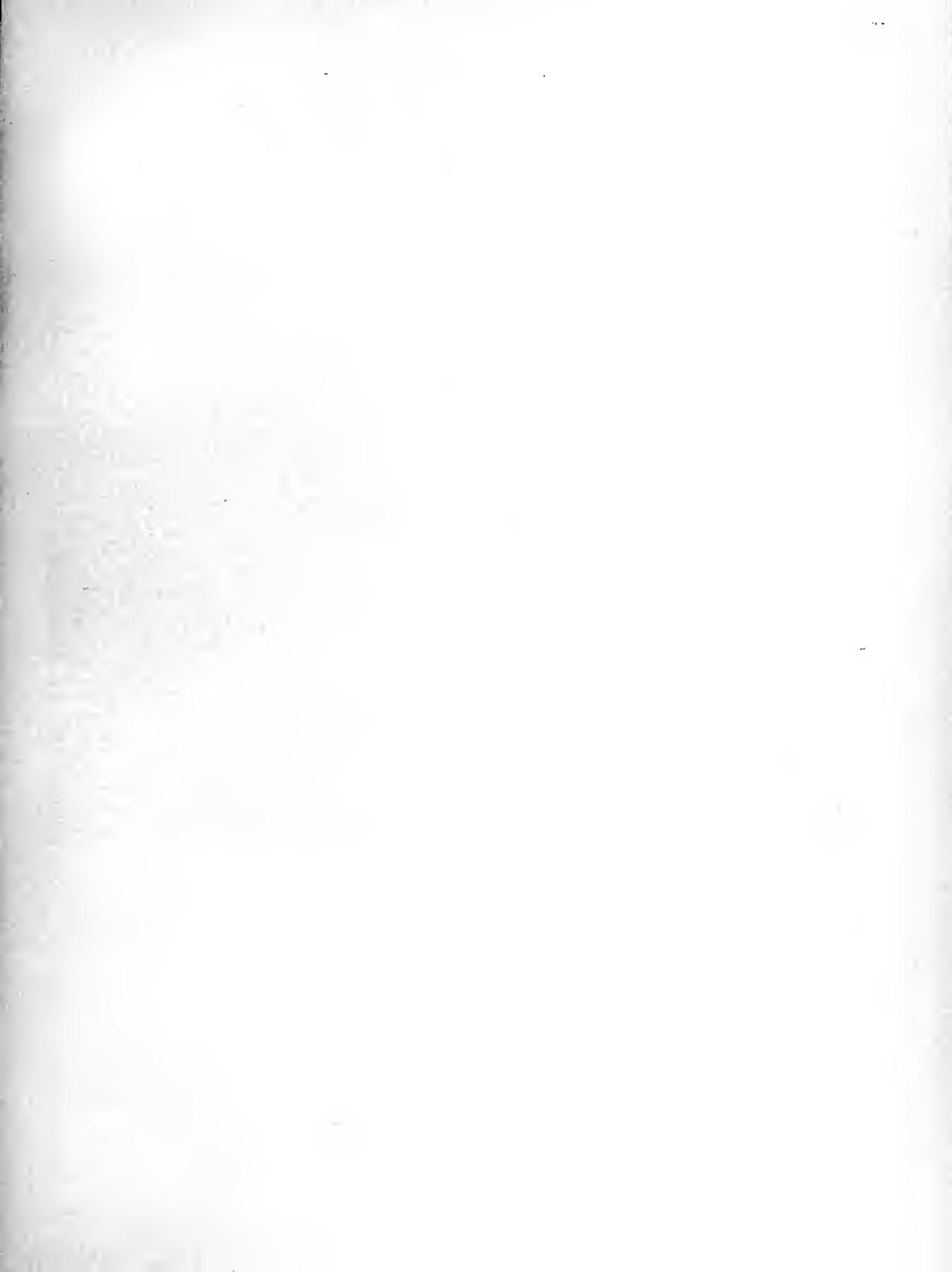
Cam. Madam, as nature more then perfect is,
And faire more faire, then that we faireſt call :
So you as heyre apparant to his bliſſe;

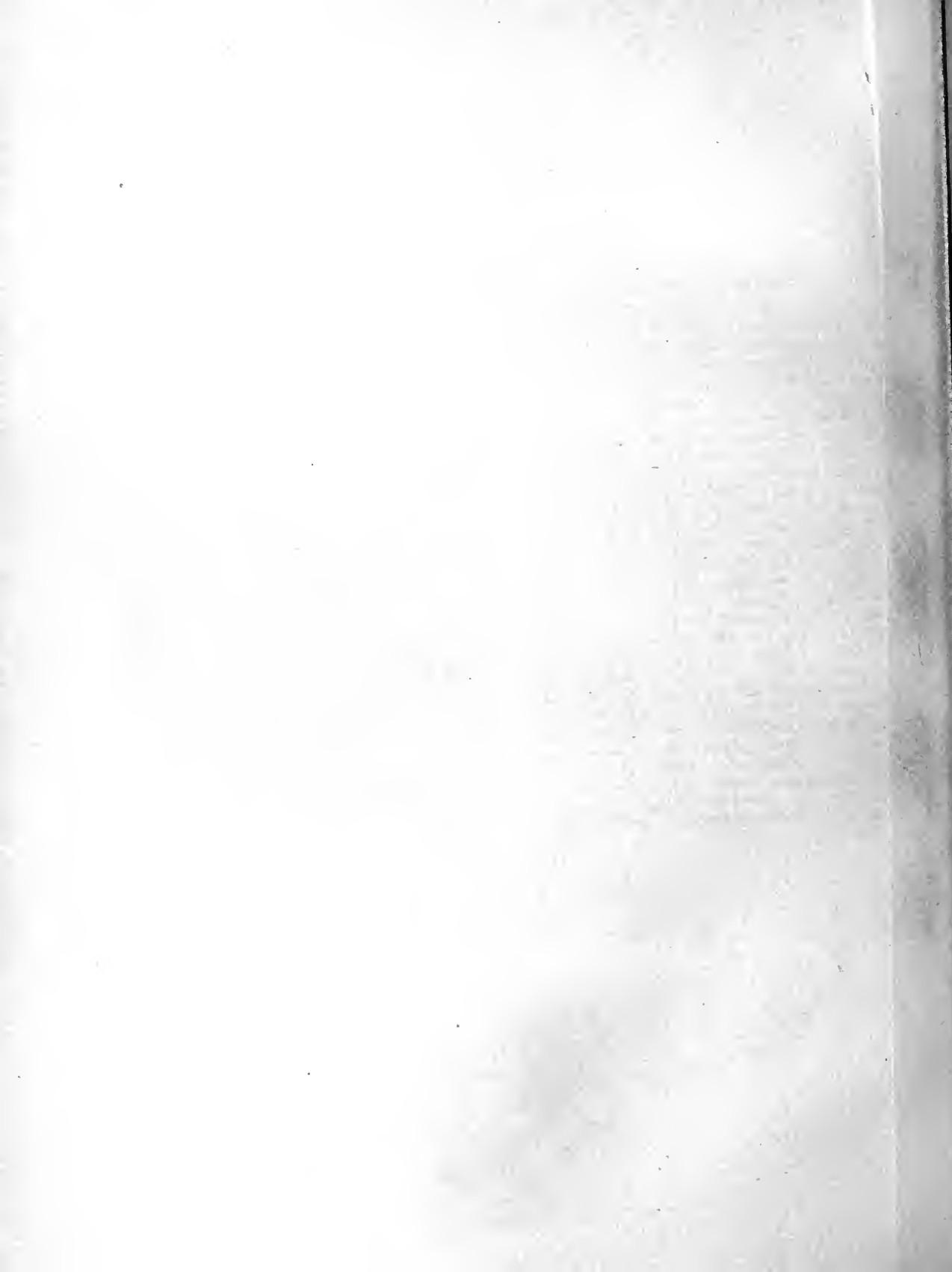
Chiefc

of the vertuous Octavia.

Chiefc treasurer of her perfections all ;
Will ſhew your ſelue moſt wiſe, and moſt diuine,
In curious ſearch of her moſt hidden will,
And following but her footeſteps, yet refine
The vniuerſal ſecrets of her ſkull.
Yet I admire, your Eagleſighted eye,
Which hath truthe ſun-bright cycle ſo well knowne :
In others worthe, diſcernes each Attomie,
Forgetfull moſt, of what is moſt your owne.
These other creatures, haue their properties,
Which ſhew, their Syre no niggard of his ſtore,
But ſuch great giuiftes our mindes immortallize,
As proud ambitiones ſelue, can wiſh no more.
And you, great Ladie, whose high honor flyes,
With vertues wings, in admirations ayte :
Towring, an Eagles pyche, aboue the ſkies,
Where vulgar thoughts, are ſetled in deſpair,
You, whole deſignes, haue put out enuies eyes,
Whose launce of vertue giues the pureſt light ;
You, that enforēe weake fame to roiallize,
Such high reuolues, as farre ſurpaſſe her might,
You, whose large praise, makes naked vertue lowe,
And tyres report, in painting out your ſtorie,
You, in whose lappe doth ſteame the golden ſhower,
Of all good fortune, gracing highest glorie.
O how can you, once entartaine a thought,
That theſe high ioyes ſhould ſtoupe to forrowes lufe?
Or how can true felicitie be brought,
The ſmalleſt touche of paſſion to endure ?

Let





The Tragicomedia

Let those complaine, which suck misfortunes paps :
Who know nought els of vertue but the name,
Who seeming wife, are snar'd in follyes traps,
Whose rash attempts, breed swift ensuing shame,
But you heauens day-starre, pillar of our blisse,
O want you euer, cloudes of discontent :
You are our joy, we all joyes, all shoulde miss,
Did not your sunne-beames guild our firmament.

O & . Did not thy true loue scale this president,
I shoulde suspect a serpent mongst the flowers :
And hardly judge faire wordes from false intent,
Pore niggard truth, rich flattery, powres down shoures.
But loyall Ladies, doo you thinke in faith,
That highest honor, joyes most sweet content ?

Cam. It doth no doubt, for high, and heavenly faith
The prouerbe olde, to which I giue consent.

O & . The heare me speake, what I shal say by prooche,
And what experiance printed in my hart :
Perhaps a story for your owne behooche,
Where I my selfe, haue played an actors part.
In youthe, I thought (though fally thought) that best
Which fairest seemde, and my aspyring minde
Disdaind (thoug not with pride) that there shoulde rest
A mean-borne thought, within my thoughts confin'd.
Treading this path, I was at last desir'd,
By Lord *Marcellus*, for his spouse, and wife.
Marcellus, he whose worthie fame aspyred,
To th' highest toppe of honor, during life.
If wealth, (nutre of delight) mought breed content:

I had

of the vertuous Octavia.

I had no want of store to make me glad:
My greatnesse did ambitious thoughts preuent:
Such high successe *Marcellus* honours had.
Prounde *Carthage* knowes, his youthfull sword did pay
Large tribute of their soules to stygian lake:
His middleage, the stoutest *Gauls* did fraye,
Marcellus name made their huge armies quake.
His ancient yeares, made craftie *Hanniball*
Admire the proues, and vallour of his foe:
Thrice bitter name, that cursed *Canniball*,
By bloudie treason, made him life forgoe.
Fiu times this citie grac'd my worthy Lord,
Or rather he them grac'd, with *Consuls* name :
What they to others suites would scarce afforde,
They loyde to see my Lord accept the same.
Now Ladies to forget my present state,
Did ioy thinke you this while orecharge my minde?
I ioyde I must confess, to see how fate
With boundes of honor, had my life confin'de.
But when I found, how monster envie, feedes
On highest honor, as his daintiest pray:
How brightest fier, great store of fuell needs,
To keepe his light, and beautie from decay.
When that I found the musickie of my minde,
Tunde to the concorde, of *Marcellus* blisse :
And sawe, true vallour had his life assynd'e,
To haughtie *Mat*, whose course most dangerous is.
I liu'd in him, he spent his toyall dayes,
In bloudie boosome of life, scorning warres;

Safetie

The Tragicomœdie

Safetie may breede delight, not nourish praise,
Harde is the way, from th' earth vnto the starres.
Whiles thus our state, depended on his sworde,
And thousand thousands fought his finall end:
Could my true loue, in all this time, afforde
One quiet thought in perfect mirthe to spend?
So many perils as on earth are found,
So many dangers as on raging seas,
So many terrors all my joyes confound,
For true loue passions are no weake disease.
But is this all? no, more if more may be,
Tis greater care, to keepe then get, a crowne.
Vertue dooth raise by small degrees we see;
Wherein a moment Fortune calts vs downe.
And surely those that liue in greatest place,
Must take great care, to be such as they seeme:
They are not princes, whom sole tyles grace,
Our princelie vertues, we should most esteeme.
The fander on *Nepunes* shores, and beautey statres,
Do not exceede the number of those cares.
Which in our mindes, do stire vp ciuill warres,
And crosse delights accountes, at vnawares.
Let this suffice, the tempest soonest teares
The highest towers, and who will mount aloft,
The more he climes, the mote his footing feare:
Often he slides, but sildome falleth softe.
What words, can paint the infinite of woes?
What tongue, can halfe those miseries relate?
Which thundring fortune, threatened to impose

Vpon

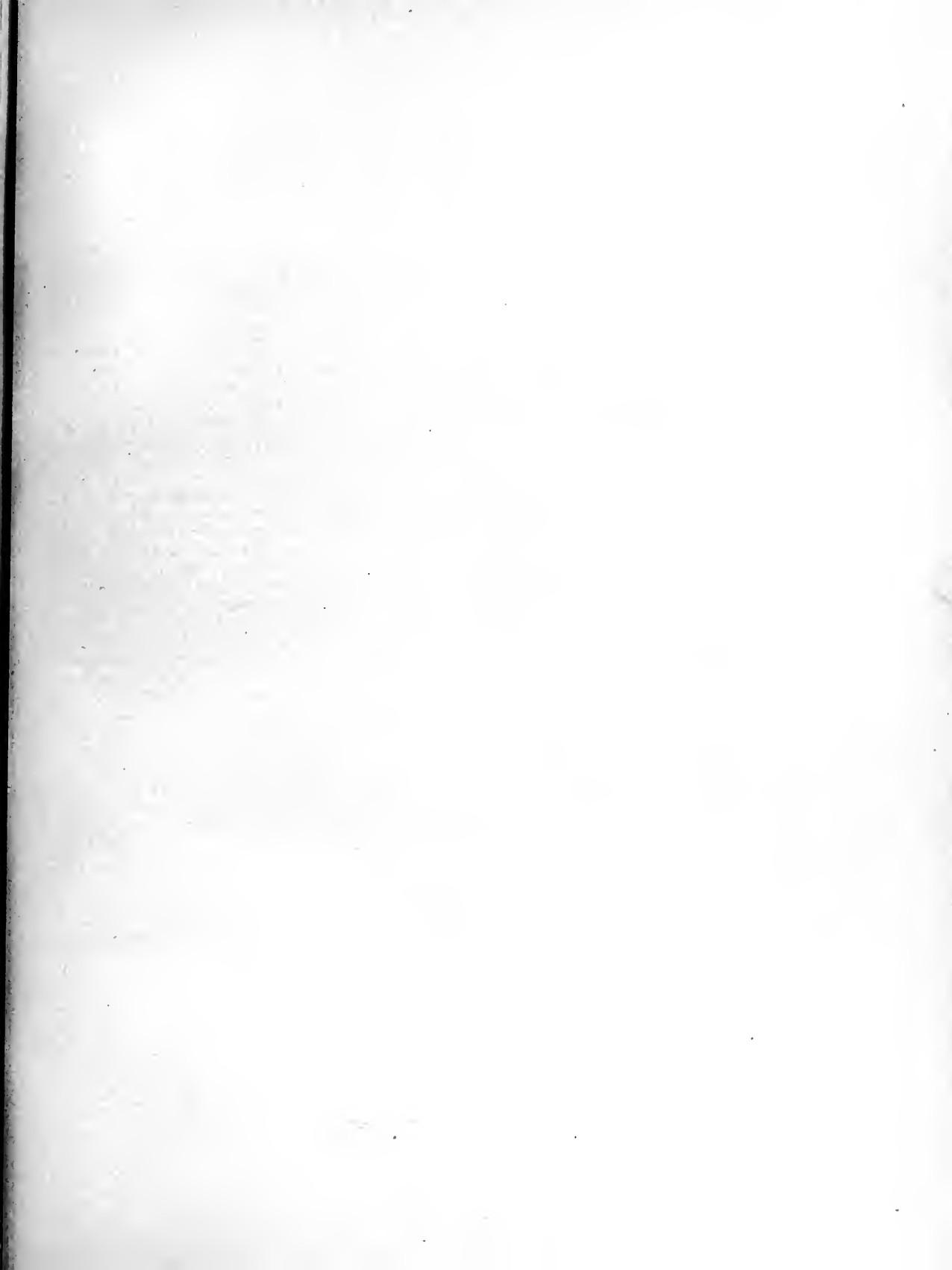
of the vertuous Octavia.

Vpon my head, at *Taren*, but of late.
When as mine eyes mought see (though loth to see)
The sunnes, with whose eclipse, my fortune changed:
Mine owne deare Lord, and brother, both to be
In mortall armes, against each other ranged.
Which tempest calm'd, the storme begins againe,
On mischieves maine, full sayles mishap doth bear:
I know not now what doth my Lord detaine,
But for I know not, I know cause to feare.
To visit him, at last I was contented,
And in those foraine coastes to make appeale:
But my accelle, at *Ashen* he presented,
Which makes me thinke, more then I will reveale.
And can I then with sorowes waight oppresed,
Thinke to enamell my conceit with ioy?
Can I, that am with fortunes wracke distresed,
Hope to escape the Ocean of annoy?
Why, this is ioye, to taste no scence of death,
Till dying hower, haue stopt our vitall breath.

Tulia. Tis true delight, to know no cause of greefe,
Although the outward signes of ioy be small:
Who most reioycing, feels that inward theefe,
A stayned conscience findes no ioy at all.

Can. Indeede I thinke, true ioy, a thing seuer,
Springing from fountaine of a vertuous minde;
From spotlesse faith, and conscience pure and cleare,
The chiefest good, the heauens haue vs assignde.
For as some weepe, that are not passing sad:
So many laugh that are not rightly glad.

Gemi-



The Tragicomedia

Geminus. Titus.

Say worthie *Titus*, what rare accident,
In so short time, did bring to happy end,
The cruell warres ; which *Cesars* discontent,
Gainst Lord *Antonius*, lately did intend;
How could so many weapons thirsting bloud,
Be satisfied with vncpected peace ?
What powerfull staires importun'd vs such good ?
And did their angers tyranny supprese ?

Tit. That will I doo, my good friend *Geminus*.
And much the sooner, for that you may know,
No force, or weapons, hath procured vs,
The happy truce, wherein we glory now.
It was the time, when the declining sunne
Made greatest shew of least performed light :
And by his swift departure had begun,
To yecide his interest, to th' entroching night.
When as the seas, euen burthened with our waight,
Delivered vs into the perfect view
Of dreadfull *Taranto*, where for vs did waight,
Antonius fleet, with all their martiall crew.
There did our drowned anchors make vs stay,
Within the iawes of dangers tyranny :
There, we discouered by the flying daye,
The agents of our threatened milcyn.
Who can expresse the horror of that night,
When darkenesse lent hir robes to monstre feare,
And heauens black mantle banishing the light,

Made

of the vertuous Octavia.

Made every thing in ougly forme appeare.
Vntill *Aurora*, with faire purple flowres,
Like louing spouse, had strawed *Tytans* waye :
Whose glorious beatnes, began to guilde the towres,
As ioyfull post, of pleasure-bringing day.
Then did loude Martiall musick charm a sleepe,
Each languishing conceit, in doubtfull brest:
And new borne comfort, now began to creape,
In euery minde, with causelesse feare opprest.
Then, pride of honor, made vs scorne our foes:
And courage added wings to our desire.
To present fight, we all our selues dipose:
With bloudie showers, to quenche incensed ire.
But ere our armes, had their charge fulfilled,
Ere weapons, had our inward rage exprest:
Loe where *Ottavia*, comes into the field,
Twixt both our armes, she hir selfe addrest.
Where with the Nectar of hir eloquence,
With words that thought relent indurate frost:
With maiestie, and beauties influence,
She stayes our Captaines, and affronts each boast.
O how I see that wonder-breding face !
O how I heare those hart-enchaing wordes !
O face ! o wordes ! that merite highest grace !
Immortall sure, base earth none such affords,
No womans weapon blindes her princely eye ;
No womans weakenesse, hir tongues passage stayes:
Like one, that did both death, and fate desir,
Miserie-like she stands, and thus she sayes.

B

Heere

The Tragicomœdie

Heere will I bide, and this same brest oppose
To all your weapons, and whose wicked hand,
Shall first beginne t' assaile or strike his foes,
Shall strikethis hart, and breake this vital band.
No bloudie deed, *Ottawias* eyes shall gaine,
A wryngesse of your loathed cruetie :
But through this body shall the first be slaine,
That in this battle, is compell'd to dye.
It honor, vertue, worthie, or pietie.
Lieue in your mindes, which beare such lostie names,
Returne your weapons, and heere quietly,
With reaton, quench the force, of angry flames.
Els, let some bloudie executioner,
First robbe this iealous tombe, of loathed life :
And then, no longer neede you to deterrre,
The issue, of your more then mortall strife.
Much more she said, which none but she can say,
And with her sugered spech, so much preuauld,
That like *Medusæs* marbled creatures, they
Amazed stood, so was their furie quaild.
Looke how that *srydent* scepter bearing king,
His ofte rebelling subiects, dooth supprese,
And with a sodaine becke in order bring,
Their disproportion, with a quiet peace ;
When that the pride, of some truce-wanting storme,
Doth summon vp their treason-working power,
Now gracing terror, with huge mountaines forme,
Now with steepe whilopeole, seeking to deuoure:
So stood the Emperors, with hir wordes amazed,

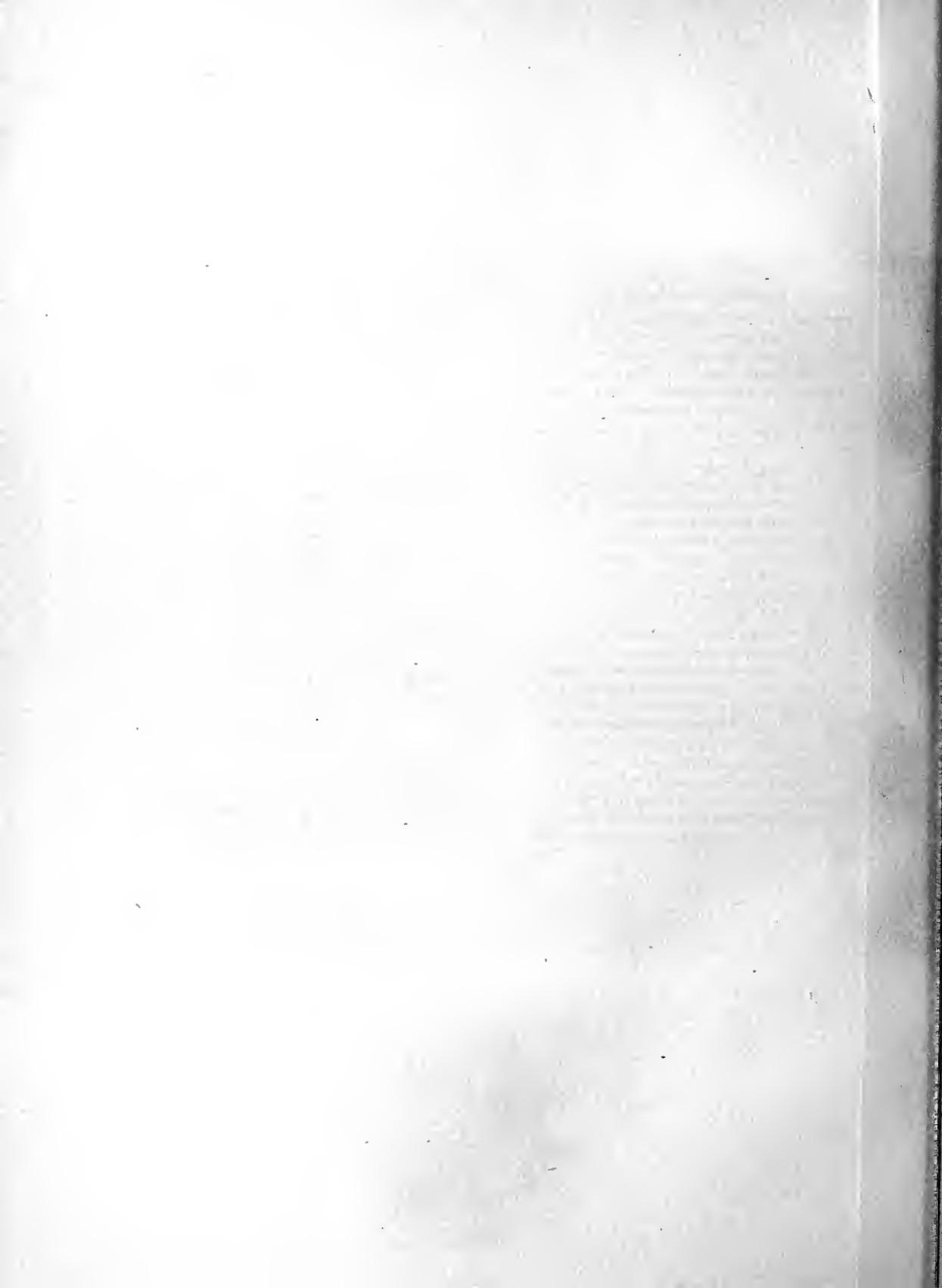
Hir

of the vertuous Ottania.

Hir words, which seemde the myrtour of hir deede:
As men enchanted so on hir they gazed,
And in hir face, new lectures ganne to reede.
But when she saw, hir words did take effect,
Then powrde she forth the quintessence of witte :
And neuer did hir enterprize neglect,
Till both the Emperours bewitcht with it ;
Not onely, did forger all former hate,
But even there, before *Ottawias* face,
A league of friendship they did consummate,
And louingly each other did imbrace.
O what a ioyfull sight, 'twas to behould
A dangerous fight, turn'd to a daintie feast.
To see how friends salute each other could,
That but even now, each other did detest.
There did both armes sport in great delight,
And enterchangeably their loues exprefse :
As captives, foild without bloud, wound or fight,
They praise the conquest, and the victor blesse.
Then did *Antonius*, for *Ottawias* sake,
Giue vnto *Cesar* twentie Brygantines :
Which *Cesar* did in courteous maner take,
And in requitall of his kinde designes,
Did twice fwe hundred armed soldiers, giue
To *Anthony*: and quickly one mought finde,
The sparkes of emulation made them strue,
Who mought doe most, to please *Ottawias* minde.
Gem. O noble deed, deuiring highest praise,
Well worthye to out-lieue all memorie :

B ii.

Life.



The Tragicomadie

Life-sauing Empresse, how thy widsome staies,
Euen swarmes of soules, from *Plutoe* tyranny.
But why did not *Antonius*, in like sorte
Returne to *Roome*, to pay delight her due.
Tis. He presently to'ards *Parthia* did resort,
Against their King, the warres for to renue.
And recommending all his owne affaires,
His wife, his children, and what els was deare,
To *Cesars* best disposing : he repayres,
To *Syria*, and entends to winter there. (encluse.)
Gem. *Roome* thou that keepest, the perle that doth
Heauens dearest treasure, in earths finest frame,
Be never so vngratefull, to obtrude
Night-blacke oblivion, to her noble name.

Camilla. Geminus.

Come *Geminus*, and vnto me relate,
What made the Empresse, after her entent:
What did your voyage thus abbreviate,
And all your expectations preuent.
Fame (bad concealer of our close entents)
Said, that the Empresse would to *Syria* goe:
To see *Antonius*, who himselfe absentes,
But your retурne, doth shew it was not so.
Gem. Madame, when *Aeolis* had once conuain'd
Our moouing houses, vnto that same place,
Where noble *Cecropi*, the foundations lay'd,
Which are the *Grecian* confines chiefeſt grace:
There, long before we could approach the gates

of the vertuous Octavia.

Of that faire Citty, we encounter'd were,
With people of all ages, and estates,
Who in their handes, did boughes of Lawrell beare.
Some on their knees, with ioy, and wonder fil'd,
Salute the Empresse: some rich gifthes present.
Some straw'd the way with flowers, and some distil'd
Their sweet perfumes, along the fields we went.
Thus to the City were we guarded straight,
Where for our comming, all the states awaite.
There were our eyes, inuited to beholde
Most sumptuous shewes, with many pleasing sights:
There did we heare, their learned tonges infolde.
The muses skill, with rauishing delights,
Their lowd applause, which peirc'd the very skies,
Extolde *Octavia's* past the reach of fame:
And silene *Eche*, wakened with their cries,
Taught all the neighbour hilles, to bleſſe her name.
Thus frankly did two daies thermelues beslow,
To gratifie our entertainment there:
Whiles *Antonie*, who as it seem'd did know
Of our approach, and thereof stood in feare:
Sent *Niger*, vnto *Athens*, with all speed,
Who to *Octavia's* letters did conuay:
Requiring her no further to proceede,
But for his comming in that place to stay.
For thither meant he shortly to repayre,
And therefore would not, she should vndertake
So long a iorney, which mought much impayne
Her health, and quiet, boodeſſe for his sake.

The Tragicomœdie

She, halfe suspecting (as there was good cause)
That this was but a practise of delay :
Although vnwilling, yet she made a pause,
As one that knew not how to disobay.
But finding all his words to want effect,
And seeing nothing mought his minde recall:
Such thing, she doth vnto him straight direct,
As she had brought, to pleasure hi n withall.
Which was, two thousand chofen men at armes :
Great store of horses, wоне to winne their price ;
Much armour, to defend themselfes from harmes,
A richely wrought, as cunning could devize ;
Guiftes, to reward his best-deferuing friends ;
A summe of money for his souldiers paye ;
And briefly all his care, and studie bende,
To saue his wayning honor, from decaye.
But whē she saw, nought mought his thoughts recline
Vnkinde, saith she, sencelesse of thine owne shame :
Ile be my selfe, since thou wilt not be mine
Thus she concluded, and away we came.

Cam. O peerelesse paragon ! O natures pride !
Fairo Cabinet, where wisdomes treasure lies,
Earths glory, and the heauenis beloued bride,
Rich seate of honoi, vertues paradise.
Most noble Empresse, praise of women kinde,
Whose faith endures the rage of fortunes flame :
Whose constant truthe, and truly vertuous minde,
Scornes smalleſt touche of iust-deferued blame.
How naturall, and vndeuided, are

The

of the vertuous Octauie.

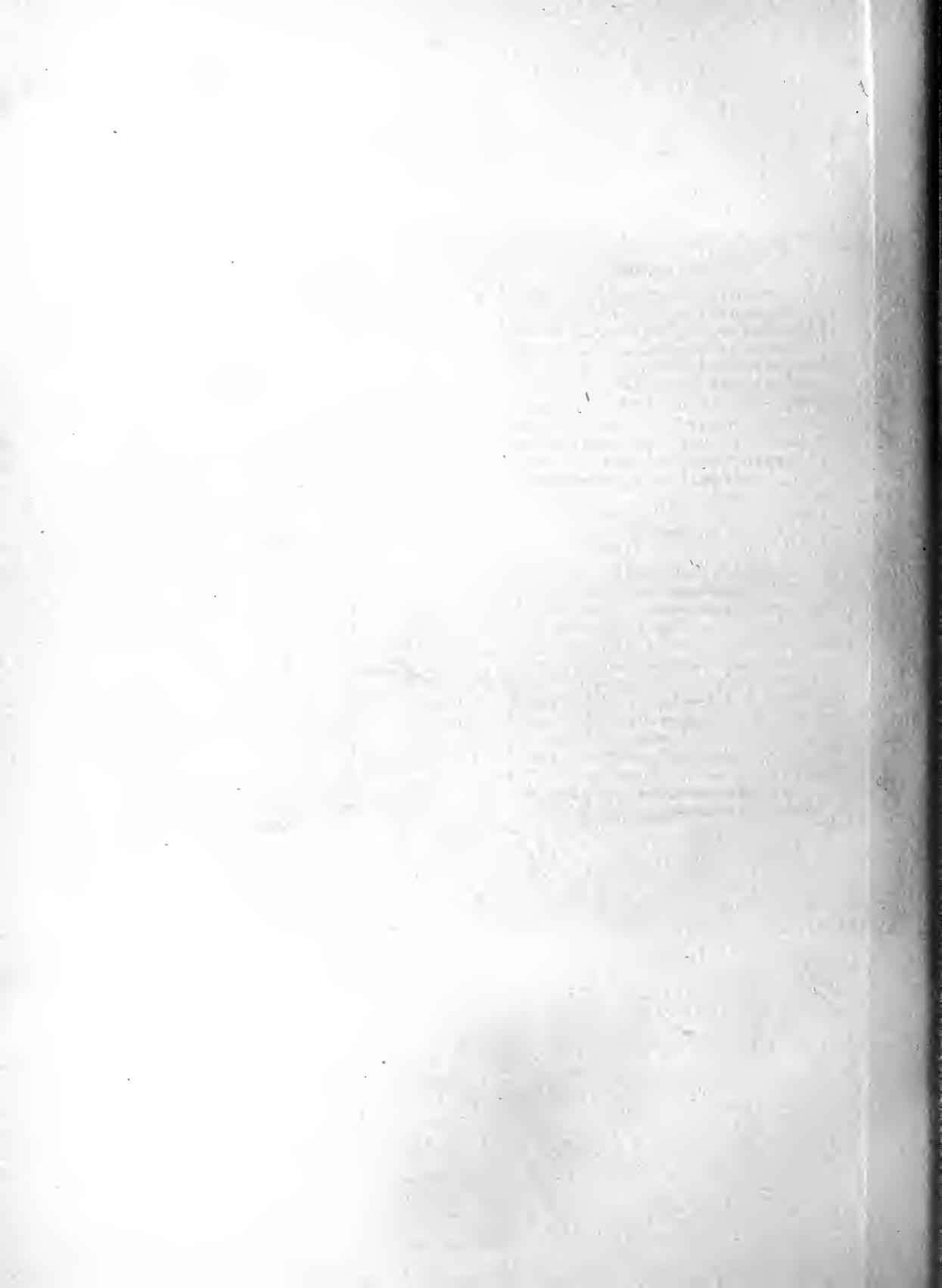
The sparkes of honor, in a noble harte :
How industrie, and wit, may not compare,
With that true touche, oure birthright doth imparte.
Liue vertuous Empresse, mytour of our age,
Though chance discharge whole vollyes of reproach ;
With fortitude withstand proud fortunes rage,
Let not despaire, neare thy sweete thoughts encroache.
Time must needs turne thy mouraing vnto ioye,
For true delight from hence his spring doth take :
When we with patience suffer sharpe annoye,
Not for our merits, but for vertues sake.

Chorus.

Heauens, heare poore earth complaines,
How wee, your frownes doe beare :
When all things als reioyce,
Joye scornes with vs to dwell.
And reason selfe can tell,
Each mirth discouering voice,
Assures our iudging care,
How all things als want paine :
Scence-following creatures knowe
No cause, why so lamente,
In them, remors doeth fawt,
No seedes of discontent.
We see, and know, but wante our blisse :
Vnperfet nature causeth this.

B 4.

724



The Tragomedies

Yea nature most Englands, and doth make us
Contrivour of our faults, and doth make us
Begin our life with reareas, and doth make us
Ends the same with woes,
Greefe (pleasures more all see) doth contrarie us
Confounds our hope with feares :
And fowres owt sweetes with gall.
This Tyrant of the world, doth make us
By reason, wot, or skell, doth make us
Can never be with stood.
These aggrauate our ills, so that no chace to helpe us
By shewing what was good.
And wante of that tormentors we must :
Whose worthe appereis in being lost.

Wore nature faylly manerid the world, alwaies
A stepdame to mankind,
Thus sexe, which we accuse,
Imperfect, weake, and fidele,
Could not in worke preuaile
And men so farre surauant,
We should Octavia finde, faire knight was she,
In some sorte to be blamid, were do we greate her
She winnes immortall fame, jurauit gettall
Whiles he who shoule excell herand be rite of her
Dishonour'd hath his name, for a sprouer, and so
And by his weaknesse fell.
For double shame he deeth deserved,
Who being guide doth seemest forsworne,

And

of the vertuous Octavia.

And Lorde Antonius, thou
Thrice woman conquerred man :
Shall not thy hart repine,
Their triumphs to adorne ?
Octaviaes Vertues scorne,
That wanton life of thine :
And Cleopatra can,
Commandyd thy ghost even now.
And faine would I refraine,
From Fuluias stately name :
Which doth thy manhood faine,
And makes thee blash for shame.
In this one thing, yet happie waist thou bee :
They Princesse are, that triumphe over thee.

Dwell in fames louing breath,
To eternite resign'd,
To faire Mars conquering wights :
And feare not Lethe floud,
Your Vertues always bad,
Your storis, honour wights,
And Phoenix-like you finde,
A new life in your death.
Arme but your Angel-soules,
With perfell Vertues fiald,
That Thanatos conuales,
And makes Erynnis yeilde,
Then shall she beauen your worthe desyre :
Earth, sing your praise, and so will I.

Actus

The Tragicomadie

Actus secundus.

Ottania. Byllius.

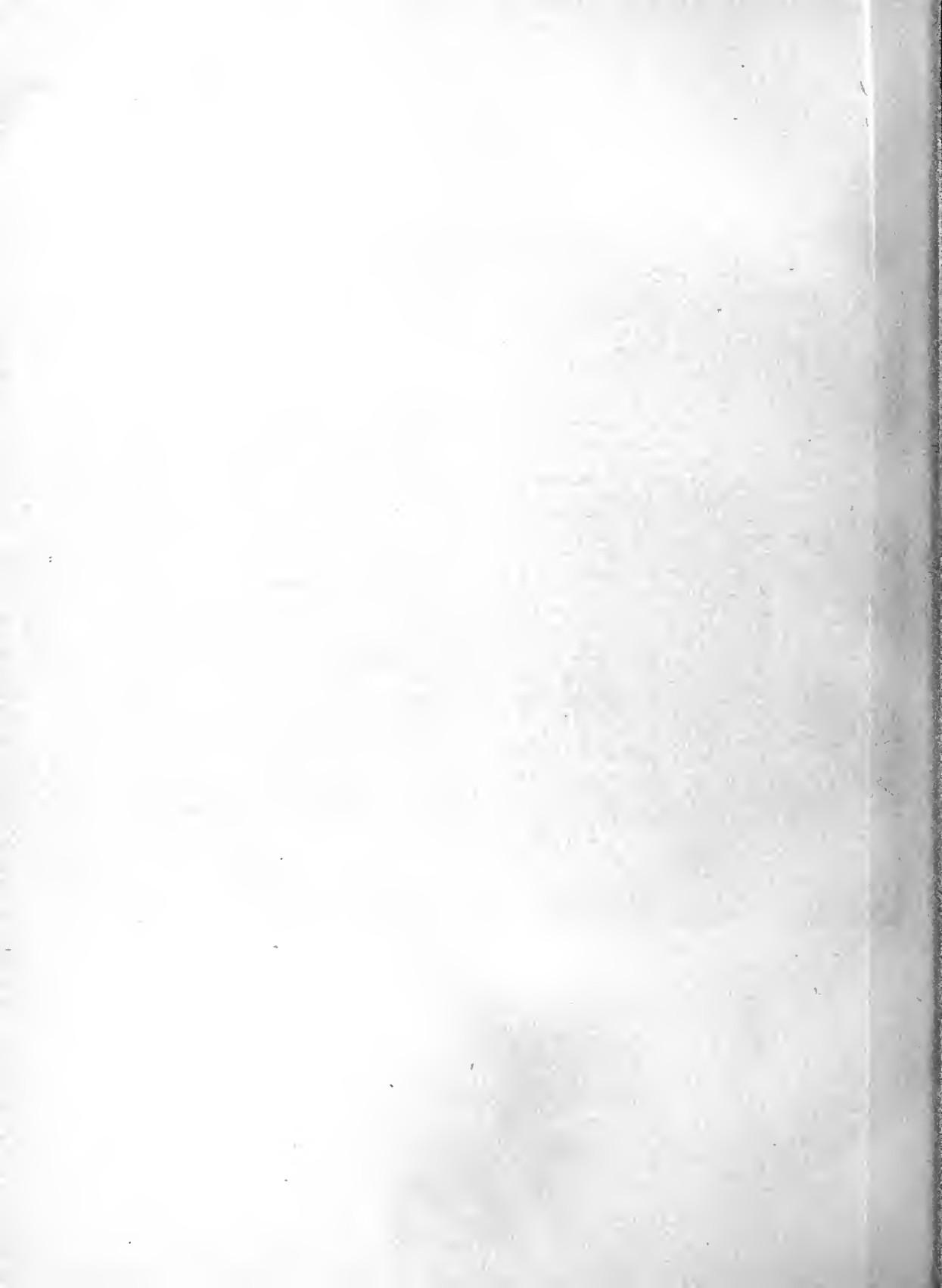
O Thrice, and fourt times, happie messenger,
Hast thou from *Parthia* made retурne of late?
Canst thou declare the issue of the warre,
And make me knowe, *Antonius* happie state?
What caſt my Lorde in *Syria* make ſuch staye,
Since he gaſt *Parthia* did his forces bende?
When doth he meane, to aſards *Rome* to take his waye?
And to thof warres, impoſe a finall bind?
Vnkinde he is: not ſo, but diſtant fare,
And his great trouble, much my good impayres:
Els would he ne mine eare ſo long time harte,
From much expected newes of his aftayres.
Byl. Madame, theſe eyes haue ſene what hath bin
In *Syria*, *Parthia*, and each other place; (done
I preſent was, when Lord *Antonius*, wonne
Eightene great battles, in a little ſpace.
I often ſawe, when miſchiefe, in the field
Had all his force againſt my Lorde brought forth:
How he with valour, made euē fortune yeelds,
And chance, awaignt on well approued worthe.
I was in *Media*, when *Phraortes* flue
Great *Tatianus*, fighting for my Lorde:
I ſawe when he our engines from vs drew,

And

of the vertuous Ottania.

And purten thouſand *Romaines*, to the ſword.
I was in preſence, when a ſodaine feare,
In blackeſt horour of the darkeſt night,
So muſt altoniſht all that preſent were,
With ſhriking cries that mought euē ſtones affright:
That *Antony*, with feare of treaſon mooued,
Made *Ramnes* humbly ſwear upon hiſ knee,
To ſtrike that head, that head ſo muſh beloved,
From hiſ ſhoulders, when he once ſhould ſee,
Vneſtitutable danger, to lay holde,
Upon hiſe; yet could not all thiſ, quaile
Hiſ haughty couraſe, but as vncoutroule,
He ſtill proceſſes, hiſ stoutef foes t'affaile.
And hauing now, ſum'd with the *Parthian* blood,
The laſteſ ſcores, of wrongs we diſtaine,
Thence to retyre, he now hath thought it good:
And for a time at *Blanckbourg* to remaine,
Blanckbourg a City neere to *Sydon* plac'd,
Vnto the which our whole Campe diſtorte,
There he intends to ſtay, and not in haſte
To viſite *Rome*, as moſt of them report.
Ott. O what ſhould moue my Lorde thus long to ſtay?
Byl. An others tung mought better ſy bewray. (ſaid)
Ott. What doſt thou know more thiſ thou haſt yet
Byl. Madame no more. *Ott.* Why thiſ am I diſmaide?
Why doe I ſee thiſ ſorrow, clowded brow,
Seeme to conceale I know not what annoy?
Say *Byllius* whence thof troubled looks may grow?
Is my *Antonius* ſafe? doth he enioy

That



The Tragicomœdie

That body free from hurt, wound or disease?
Doth he yet lie and draw his vital breath?
Speake, quickly speake, truth cannot me displease,
Where now suspition wounds as deepe as death.

Byl. It cannot be but that your grace doth know,
For what can be conceal'd from Princes eare?
And further speech mought seedes of discord sow,
Betweene your highest and my Lord I feare.

Ota. O how delay tormenteth a doubtfull minde.
I know, no, he procures I may not heare
Of any thing from thence, whereby I finde,
Although vnknowne yet double cause of feare.
Then banish doubt, and see thou plainly tell,
What strange occasion doth enforce his stay?
What can *Antonius* princely minde compell,
In forme coaltes to make so long delay?

Byl. Madame, the cause that made him to remaine
In *Syria*, so long time when as we went
To ards *Parthia*, is the same that doth detaine,
His highnesse now and thus your grace preuent.

Ota. Am I an Empresse still thus choybayd?
And dost thou dare to dally with me still?
I first enquir'd, what him in *Syria* staid.
Why dost thou feare to tell the worst of ill.

Byl. If this likewise be hidden from your grace,
In humble sort a pardon I beseech:
That high displeasure gainst me take not place,
For what shall be disclosed by my speech.

Ota. I pardon all, so long as all be true.

Byl.

of the vertuous Octavia.

Byl. Who doth delude let sharp death be his due,
Then if you list the truth to vnderstand,
The truth is this: that fond *Egyptian* Queen,
Queen *Cleopatra* doth your will withstand,
And him detaines, who els had present been.

Ota. By force? *Byl.* O no, worlds could not him con-
To stay this long in any place by force: (straine
But his affection is the louing chayne,
That from your highnesse dooth his minde diuorce.

Ota. What chilling feare doth streme along these
What frozen terror makes me thus to quake? (vains?
What monstrous greefe, what horror, this constraines
My stuing hart, his lodging to forsake?
Tell me, from what conceit may this be guest?

Byl. They liue together, who knowes not the rest.
Ota. I must beleue it sore against my will. *

Byl. Hardly we credit what imports our ill.
Ota. But slow beleefe from widdome doth proceed.

Byl. But mortall wounds of present cure haue need.

Ota. Some fond report hath made thee falsely deeme.

Byl. I shunne report, and lightly it esteeme,
But this I sawe, when we to *Syria* came,
Antonius straight to *Cleopatra* sent,
A messenger *Foncinius* was his name:
Whose swiftnes did euen hast it selfe preuent.
More, then we knew not, but within shourt space
Came *Cleopatra* royally attened,
And met directly at th' appointed place,
Which for their stay they had before pretended.

There

The Tragicomœdie

There did they sporte a time in great excelle
Of all delights which any eye hath seene,
And there *Antonius* his great loue t'expresse
Did frankly giue to this Ægyptian queene,
Phenicia, Cyprus and Cylicia,
Part of *Arabia* where those people dwell
Cald *Nicatorians*, part of *Syria*:
And finding that she could preuaile so weli
With *Antony*, she furthir did proceed,
And begd' part of that land we *Tewry* call.
From whence mought be transported at hir neede,
True balme; for to preserue hir grace withall.
This done, my Lord, to'ards *Parrhis* tooke his way,
Which we with fier and sworde did waste and burne,
But in those confines did not long time stay,
But backe againe to *Blancbours* we returne.
From whence, a poste was speedily addrest,
For to conduct this *Cleopatra* thither:
She kindly condiscends to his request,
Thus there they met, and there they liue togither.

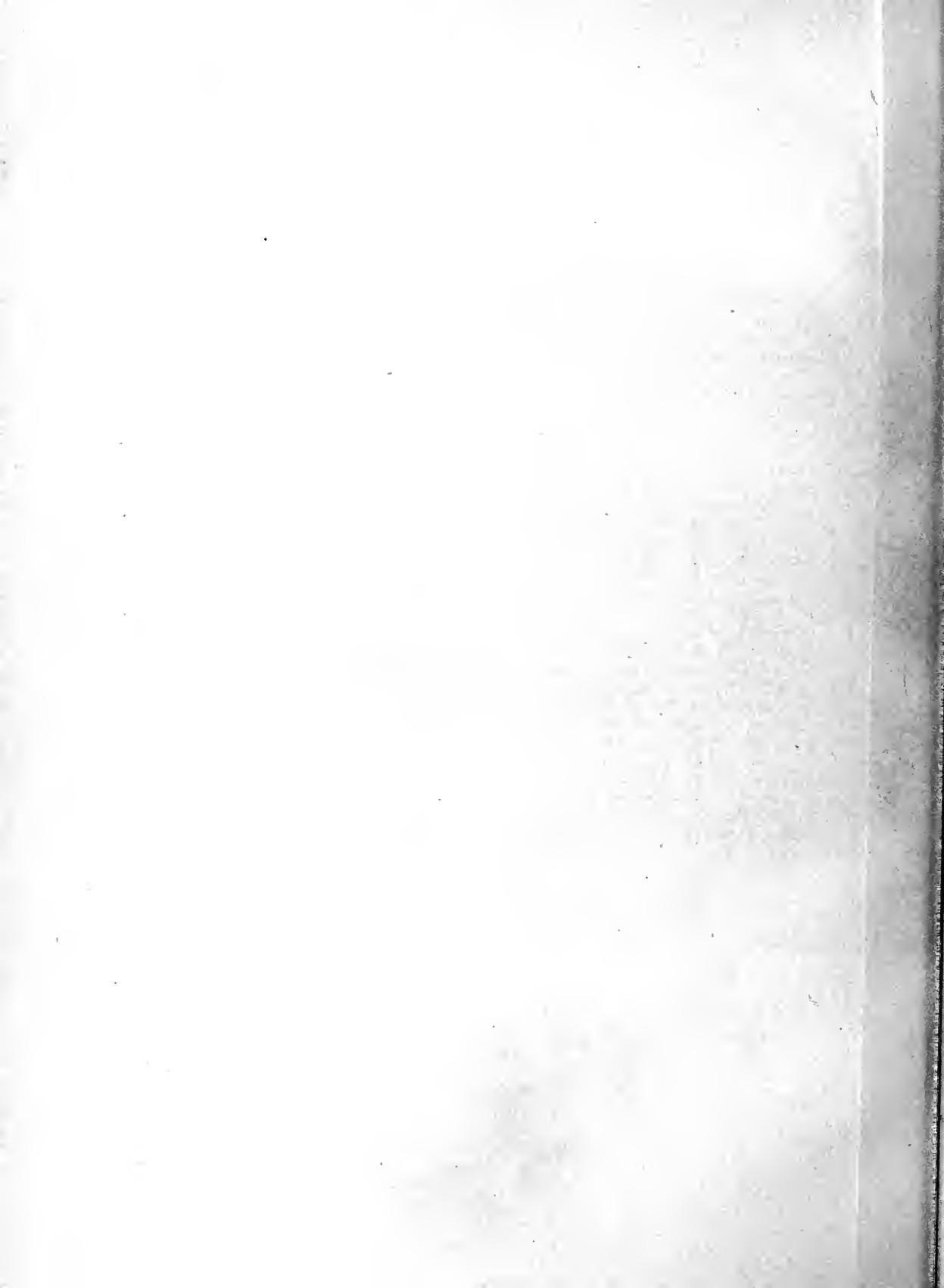
O H. O what hart-piercing greefe doth the tortur,
That are thus countercheckt with riuallies loue?
What worlds of horror do themselves present,
Vnto their mindes that do like passions proue?
O iclousie, when truthe once takes thy part,
What mercy-wanting tyrant so seuer?
What *Sylla*, what *Charibdis*, can impart
But halfe those horrors which i n thee appeare?
Poor *Pluto*, why do we thy rigour dread?

All

of the vertuous Octavia.

All tormentis are containde within my brest:
Alethe doth whole troupes of furie leade
Within my soule, with endlesse greefe opprest.
O deserts, now you deserts are indeed:
Your common wealths are coucht within my hart,
Within my hart, all rauening beasts do feede:
And with mad furie, still encraile my smart.
O greefe, I feele the worst that thou canst doe.
I taste the powerfull force of mischiefes pride.
I prove the worst that chance can put me to.
The deepest wound of fortune I abide.
But staye *Octavia*, if this be a lye:
If thy deare Lord do constant yet remaine,
Whom doost thou wrong, is it not *Antony*?
O fault too great, recall it back againe.
Canst thou be so vnkinde, nay so vnjust,
To censure, judge, condemne without a cause?
Shall flying tales make thee so much mistrust,
Him bound to thee by Gods, and natures lawes?
O traytor passion, if thou couldst subdue
Thy loueraigne reason, what ill tragedies
Wouldst thou soone acte, but Ieloulie adieu,
My Lord is constant, and these are but lyes.
Did not he sweare on that our nuptiall day,
By all the sacred rights we holy deeme,
By those immortall powers which we obaye,
By all things els which dearly we esteeme,
By his right hand, by this our wedding ring,
By all that mought a perfect truthe intend:

One



The Tragicomædie

One time, one day, one hour, should surely bring,
His life, and loue vnto a finall end.
Did not he say, the starres from heauen should fall,
The fishes shold vpon the mountaines range,
And *Tyber* shold his flowing stremes recall :
Before his loue should euer thinke on change,
But what of this ? these are but onely words,
And so are those which do his faith impeache,
O poore *Ottavia*, how thy state affordes,
Nought but despaire to stand within thy reache.
The seate of truthe is in our secret harts,
Not in the tongue, which falsehood oft imparts.
Hast back then *Tyber* to thy fountaines head,
Descend ye starres, and this base earth adorne,
Let *Neptunes* people on these hilles be fed,
For *Antony* is fled, false, and forsworne,
But ti not so, my *Antony* is true :
His honor will not let him basely fall.
Ottavia's name will faithfull loue renew,
His innate vertue will his minde recall.
As feare of torment houlds the wicked in :
So vertues loue makes good men loath their sinne.

Byl, Madam, I cannot force you to beleue
That which I speake, but that I speake is true,
I knew too well it would your highnesse greeue,
And would be lothe your sorrowes to tenew ;
But would to God that all my words were lies,
So my disgrace mought worke your sweete content ;
Would this my soule mought be the sacrifice,

To

of the vertuous Ottavia.

To reconcile his loue thus fondly bent.
O vertue, thou that didst my good assure,
Arme now my soule against proudes fortunes might :
Without thy succour I may not endure,
But this strong tempest will destroy me quite.
O sacred lampe, pure vertues liuing flame,
That neuer failes sweet comfort to impart :
I feele thy power and glory in the same,
I heare thee say in closet of my heart,
Ottavia, liue, and shew thy selfe a Queene,
Tread thou my path, make constancy thy guide,
Let no base feare within thy minde be seene,
Let thine owne foote into no errour slide ;
Make thine owne thoughts no witnes of thy misse ;
Let thine owne conscience know no cause of blame,
A bulwark stronly, a brazen wall this is,
That will resist, both sorrow, griefe and shame.
Antonius fall, his owne disgrace procures,
His is the fault, and on his head shall fall,
The storme of mischiefes deep-reuenging showers :
When thine own worth, in heauen shal thee entall,
His is the fault, but what mine is the wronge.
The errour his, but I endure the smart ;
O vertue, if thou be so passing stronly,
Yet once againe remoue this from my heart,
Why, vertue grieues but at his owne disgrace,
And mindes distrest, with patience doth relieue,
With wisedomes light, it stil directts his pace,
And cannot fall and therefore cannot grieue.

C

Well

The Tragicomædie

Well griele, I feele that thou art griele indeed,
But patience is a prince and must not yeeld:
O sacred vertue help me at my need,
Repulse my soes with thy all mastering shild.
But what, I must not heare stand and lament,
Thy deeds *Ottavia*, must approoue thy worth:
Tis wisedome, must these iniuries preuent,
I will no more excuse thy wrongs hencefoorth.
Ile seeke by all meanes thee to reconcile,
And in my thoughts revenge shall finde no place,
But if thou needs wilt worke a thing so vile,
To seeke my ruine and thine owne disgrace;
If nothing can preuaile, Ile make it scene,
Thon wrongt an Empresse, and a *Romaine* queene.

Iulis. Camilla. Sylvia.

O deare *Camilla*, what a wofull sight,
Tis to beholde the Empresse dolefull state!
Though others burthenes in our eyse seeme lighte,
Death in my heart, her griele doth intimate.
O what exceeding pitty tis to see,
Such noble vertues nurst in wisedomes brest,
Snar'd in the trap of humaine misery,
By others basenes thus to be distrest.

Cam. Madame, the case is pitifull indeed,
And such as may relent a flinty heart:
A patient minde, must stand her grace in stead,
Till time and wisedome, may his loue conuert.

Iul. But who dares tell a Prince he goes aside?

Cam.

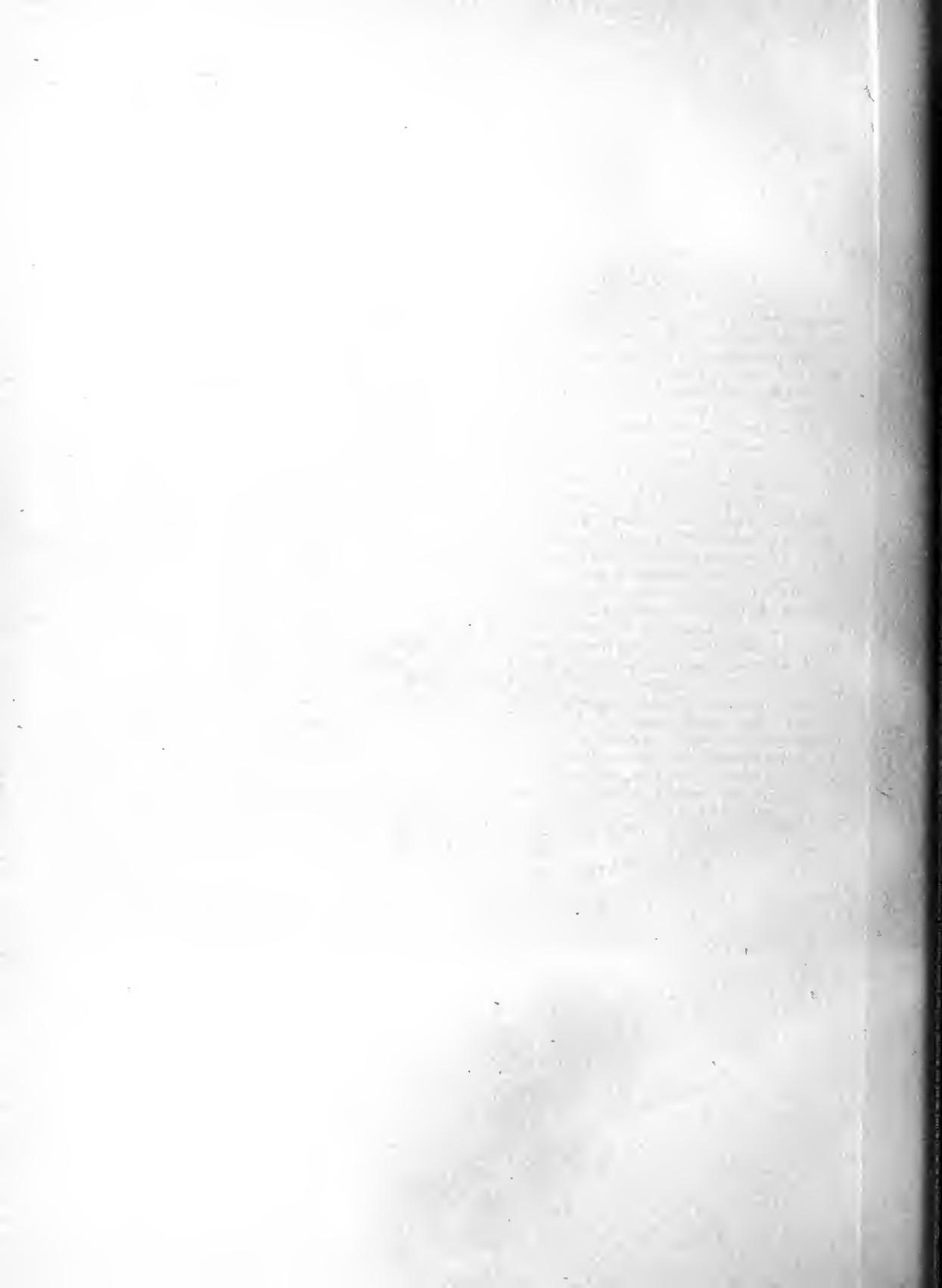
of the vertuous Ottavia.

Cam. His conscience best, if wisedome were his guide.
Iul. But they are great and may do what they will.
Cam. Great if much good: not great if they do ill.
Iul. But we must yeeld to what the Prince will haue.
Cam. He is no Prince, that is affections slauie.
Iul. Be what he will his power is ouer-stronge.
Cam. Heavens will not suffer sin to florish long.
And sure who list but to beholde the end,
Shall see *Antony* dearly buy his lust:
They never prosper long that leawdly spend
Their granted time, for God is not vniust.
Syl. Well, let them talke of vertue, those that list,
Of patience, iustice and of constancie;
For me, I thinke the Empresse sure hath mist,
The onely way to cure this maladie.
Buy living fame that list, with pinching paine,
And statue themselves with feeding fond conceipts:
Were I *Ottavia* I would entertaine
His double dealing, with as fine a sleight.
I would nor weep, nor waile, but soone returne
Vpon his head the wrongs he doth pretend:
I would compel him spite of him to learne,
It were no iest a woman to offend.
He feeleth not now the griele that makes her smart:
But I know what would touch him to the heart.

Iul. What force, what wit, can *Antony* compell,
Now to forgoe his late ill-placed loue?

Syl. One nayle you see another will expell,
When nothing els can force the same to mooue.

C ii. Should



The Tragicomœdie

Should he that swimis in stremes of sweet content,
Make his delight the agent of my paines?
No, no, he rather were a presidenc,
How to require him with the like againe.
Had I bin toucht with scence of inward greefe,
When such like chances had be-fallen me,
Or at their leisure hoped for reliefe,
When I my felic mought best my selfe set free:
I had bin dead for many yeares agoe,
Or must haue liued in endlesse milery,
But I take order not to perish so,
He shall care little, that cares lesse then I.

Cam. But doth not *Sylvia* blush to disanull,
Hir owne good name,hir faith, and constancie:
Doth not she feare, the wrath of heauen to pull
Vpon her head, for such impietie? (iust,

81. The wrath of heauen, why no, the heauens are
And iustice yeldes a man his due desert :
Then sitke I do no iniurie, I trust
Not I, but he, for both our faults shall smart,
And for my faithe and constancie, no doubt
Ile deale for that as well as others shall :
But tis most strange to see you go about,
To praise the thing that workes all wormens fall,
Why constancie is that which marreth all,
A weake conceit which cannot wrongs resist,
A chaine it is whiche bindes our felices in thrall,
And giues men scope to vie vs as they list,
For when they know that you will constant bide,

Small

of the vertuous Octavia.

Small is their care, how often they do slide:
O if you would but marke the little mappe
Of my poore world, how in times swifte careere
I manage fortune, and with wit entrap
A thowland such as hould these courfes deare ;
Then would you say you want the arte of loue,
For I feare nothing lesse then such relaps,
The frowardnesse which I in men approoue,
Most troubles me for feare of after claps.
And Lord, you cannot gouerne one alone,
When I haue many subiect to my beck :
I alwayes pleasant, you still making mone,
You full of feare, they dread my frowning check.
Nor do I maruaile, for this vnion breedes
A loathing sure, by nature vnto things :
And constancie the minde with quiet feedes,
And setled quiet soone corruption brings.
Thus first we loathe, and then we straight waies hate,
When to one obiect we entend our minde :
But I with choice do still renew the state,
Offaunting loue, and still new pleasures finde.
Looke how a Bee amongst the verdant fields,
From diuers flowers extractes the pleasant thyme,
Which well compounded, one sweet matter yelds :
So do I spend my pleasure-tasting time.
I seeke not graines of gould in barraine ground,
Nor hope for fruite, when haruest is once past:
I like not where affection is not found,
If any fall, I flye from him as fast.

C 3

And

The Tragicomœdie

And surely who will taste the sweet of loue,
Must not be tyed vnto one poore conceit:
One cannot worke or halfe his practise prooue,
Vpon one minde which will be dulled straight.
But there must be an emulation plac'd,
Mongst fauourites as spur of swift desire:
By letting one still see another grac'd,
As though the on's deserts did so require.
Two at a time I seldome entertaine,
Nor one alone, but alwaies if I might,
Whiles any one to court me I detaine,
Some other of the crew should be in sight:
Who in ought beheld, how frankly I bestow,
Both similes, and fauours, where it pleased me,
They thinking this from his deserts to grow,
Will striue for to deserue as well as he.
Thus I abound with store of profferred loue,
With vowed faith, with presents and what not:
When in the end one fortune all must prooue,
And all these fauours must be cleane forgot.

Cam. But will not all thy seruants thee forsake,
To see a ryuall such high fauour gaine?
Syl. If any iealous foole a sinete take,
Tlicen thus with arte I bring him on amaine.
Some extraordinary fauour falleth
On hym unware, which may new fire his minde:
Or els some trusty agent him recalles,
In secret manner thereto assign'd,
Who tells him (as of friendship) I admire

His

of the vertuous Octauia.

His discontent, and my ynkindnesse blame,
How I doe oftentimes of him enquire,
And still a sigh awaites ypon his name.
This way I seldon faile, till at the last,
In follies lap affection hath him lull'd.
From whence with fleshly desire he flyes as fast,
As if (poore foole) his wings had neare been pull'd.

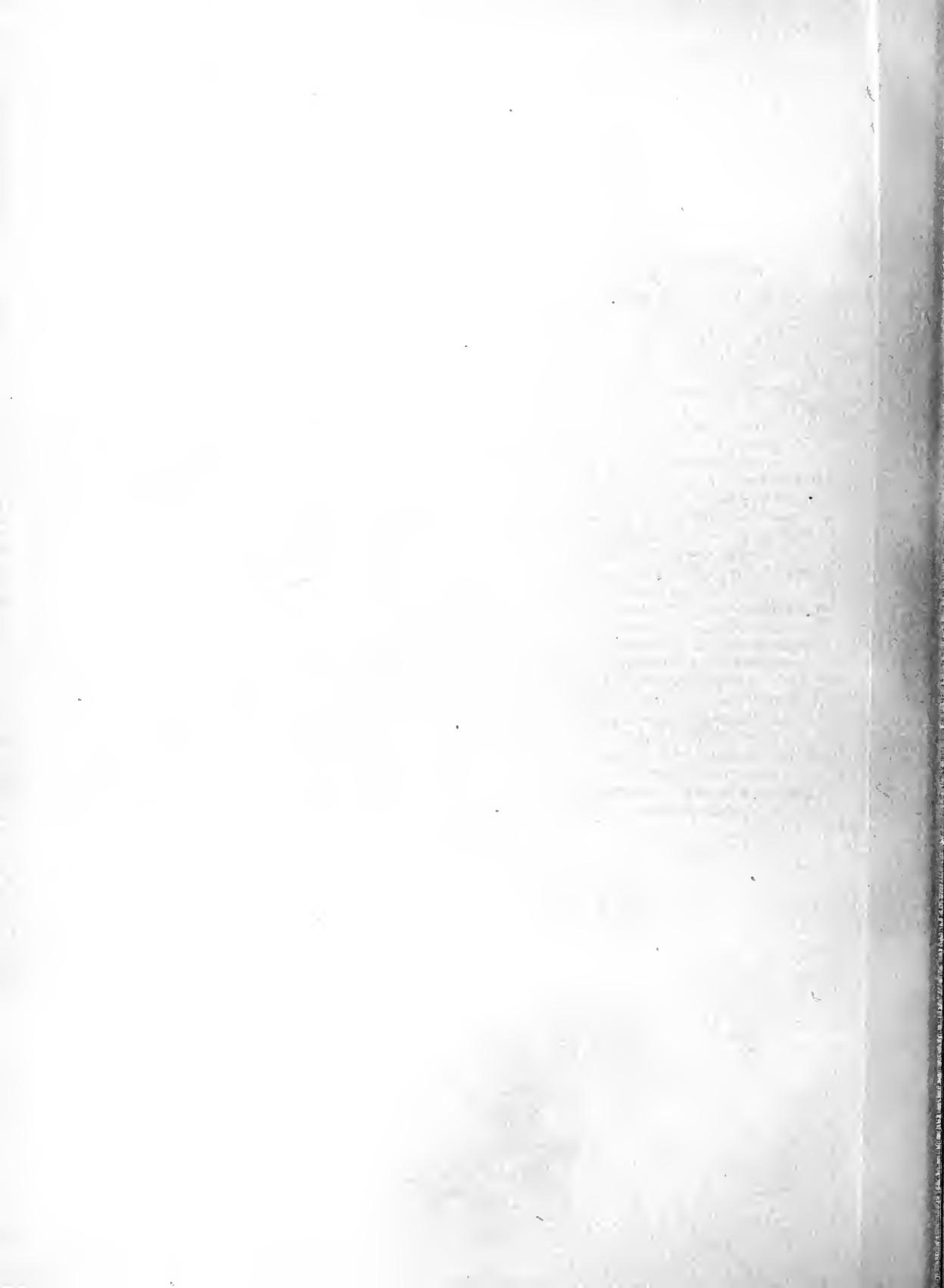
Iul. But sith thy minde can neuer be so free,
But that affection will on thee lay holde:
That being partiall, me thinkes should be
A cause, that others loue would soone waxe cold.
Syl. Affection, no, I know not such a thought,
That were a way to make my selfe a flauie:
I hate subiectiōn and will neare be brought,
What now I give, at others hands to cruce.

Iul. But yet I know some one aboue the rest
Is most belou'd, but that you list to iest.

Syl. I loue one most? I fauour, loue, and grace,
Most every one, whiles he in presence is:
But being gone, looke who comes next in place,
He's next my heart, my course is alwaies this.
And if that any chance to fall away,
Shall losse of him thus vex me at the heart?
No griefe, I neuer meane to be thy pray,
My care and lie together shall depart.

Cam. Of straying, falling, and I wot not what,
So many words hath *Sylva* spent in vaine:
That time, and truth, and purpose are forgot,
To *Antony* let vs returne againe.

We



The Tragicomedia

We speake not of thy sutors, we complaine
Of his vnruth, that second vnto none,
In faithelines : of duety shold remaine,
For euer constante unto one alone.
Of his vnruth, who hath his honor stain'd,
By base defiling of his mariage bed :
Who being vowed, and by oath detain'd,
Is falle for sworne, seduc'd and fondly fled.

Sy. Why all is one, no wedlocke can compell,
No law, no feare, no reason can constraine:
Our mindes, whiles we in natures castels dwell,
The pleasing course of nature to restraine.
Nature it selfe dooth most delight in change,
The heauens, by motion do their musick make :
Their lights, by diuers waies and courses raunge;
And some of them new formes doe alwaies take,
Their working power is never alwaies one,
And time it selfe least constant is of all :
This earth we see and all that lives thereon,
Without new change, into destruction fall.
Nay what is more, the life of all these things,
Their essence, and perfection, doth consist
In this same change, which to all creatures brings
That pleasure, which in life may not be mist.
Sith then all creatures are so highly blest,
To take the sweet of life in often changes:
If we which are the princes of the rest,
Should want the same, me thinks t'were very strange.
For proose hereof, I need not to vsfold.

Such

of the vertuous Octavia.

Such farre fetcht secretes, scence will make it plaine.
What pleasure hath the eye, when you beholde.
One only obiect : is't not rather paine?
What sweet delight doth charme the listning eare,
When onely one tune is doth apprehend?
In taste and smell, like loathing doth appeare,
Whose evidence, no wit can reprehend.
Since nature then hath framed for the eye,
Such sundrie coulors to delight the same;
And for the eare such strange variety,
Of sweetest tunes, which doe our musick frame;
Such diuers meates, to please the dainty taste,
So many sauours to delight that fence ;
Each other part, with diuers pleasures grac'd,
Least want of change mought haply breed offence.
What, shall the heart the master of the rest,
Be more restrain'd then any savage beast?
Shall not the heart, on whom all those depend,
Haue greater scope then any of them all,
To taste the pleasure of each pleasing friend?
Faith mine hath had, and so it euer shall.

C. Peace wicked woman, nay soule monster peace
Whose very steps defile the guilless earth:
Staine of thy seke, thy poisoned speech surcease,
That hath from sinne, and wickednes, his birth.
Is't not too much to glory in thy sinne,
Leawd creature, that hast ouer-liu'd all shame ?
Imbouldning others to persist therein,
When thou thy selfe shouldest shun and fly the same,

But

The Tragicomœdie

But thou must make the heauens a president,
For thy misdeedes, which on thy head will power,
Eternall vengeance, vnfesse thou repente,
And stay the force of mischiefes dreadfull shower.
These moouing thinges are constant in their kinde
Vnto the end for which they were ordain'd
Not mutable like thy vngodly minde,
Whose very thoughts with wickednes are stain'd.
Our scences their peculiar obiects haue,
Whole storie, and number, doth vnto vs shew,
How reverently we shoulde our selues behaue,
To'ards him whose bountie did the same best ow.
O Chastity bright vertues sacred flame,
Be neuer woman lonely wanting thee,
Be neuer woman wrong'd adorn'd with thee,
Be all disgrac'd that merit not thy name.
Come Iula, we haue taried heere too long,
Synia adiew in faith I will thee well,
No honest minde I thinke will doe thee wrong,
Tis punishment enough to hang in hell.

Chorus.

Great guide of this same golden flame,
With dates and times deuodeshi
Whose beauty euer is the same,
And alwaies one abider,
Why hast thou such a monstre made,
Which alwaies thus rebellothe.

And

of the vertuous Octavia.

And with new tormentis doth imade,

The heart wherin it dwelleth.

Affection is the savage beast,

Which alwaies doth annoyeth:

And never lets vs loue in rest,

But stellour good destroyeth.

Affection's power who can suppreſſe

And master when it fitteth:

Of worthy praise deserves no leſſe,

Then he that kingdomes winneth.

Were Antony a Prince indeede,

That base affection fornd:

Him to be mone we shoulde not need,

With Vtions life defornd.

But this seducing Vertues foe,

In whom all pleasure shineth:

Doth all our scenceis ouerthow,

and reason undermineth.

Who doth not ioy, when from his necke

The yoke of bondage slideshi:

And with so loue without the check,

Of him that others guideth?

Yet what more hard, then to obserue,

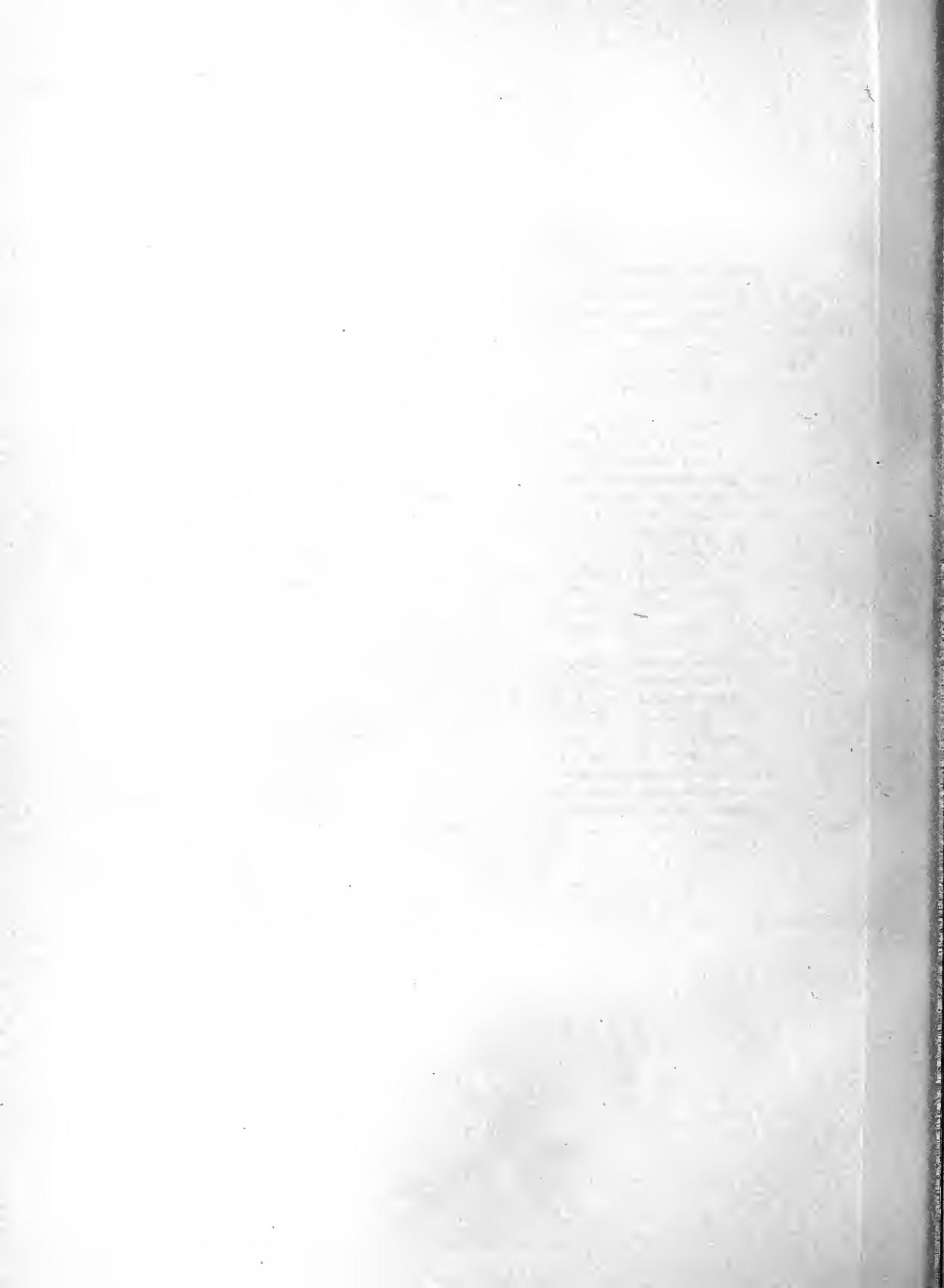
In such licentious pleasure:

The golden meane, which doth not swarne,

From sacred vertues meaſure:

Who know, and see, the way of sinne.

Besee



The Tragicomedia.

Beset with dangers many;
Yet still persist and walke therem,
As negligent ai any.

The minde with deepest wised me straugh,
That mischiefe hand escheweth:
And enuies craft doth bring to naught,
Affection force subdueth.
The haughty heart with courage bolde,
That deeth pale face despiseth:
The Prince which scarves to be controll'd,
Affection power surprizeth.
And hauing made it selfe a king,
Our minde with the rour feedeth:
Till we our selues effect the thang,
Which our destruction breedeth.

The path of error, is so g'ad'd,
With sweetest seeming pleasurest:
As if delight had therein plac'd,
The store house of her treasures.
But who to prove the same are bent,
In sinfull maze excluded:
In vaine at last will sure repente,
With shamefull end deluded.
Where verius little beaten wayes,
With diuers troubles cumbred:
Direct our stee, unto a true yes,
Amongst the Angels numbered.

Actus

of the venious Octania.

Actus tertius.

Octania. Casar.

O Feare desire, the spring of sighes and teares,
Reliev'd with want, in pouerish with store,
Nurisht with vaine hopes, and fed with doubtful feares,
Whose force with stood, encræteth more and more.
How doth thy pride thus torture my poore heart,
Whiles I for bodies shadowes entertaine:
And in the harness of most high defert,
Do reape no fruite, but scorne and deep disdaine.
No feare Hyrcanian forest doth possest,
So wilde is Tysos, nor no L'bian coaste,
Hath euer knowne a greely Lyonesse,
Rob'd of the pray which she affected most,
So beyond measure full of furious ire,
As is the minde rob'd of his chiefe desire.
O destinies, that draw the golden twine,
Which deth conduct the never-tyred poste,
Why haue you le't vñclod these eyes of mine,
To see the field of all mine honor lost?
In vaine I fought a whyle, to cure the wound
With balme of hope, drawne from a constant minde,
But now the truth is manfested found:
I heare, I see, I know, I feele, I finde,
The shamefull wronge, the scorne and high disdaine .
Which

The Tragicomadie

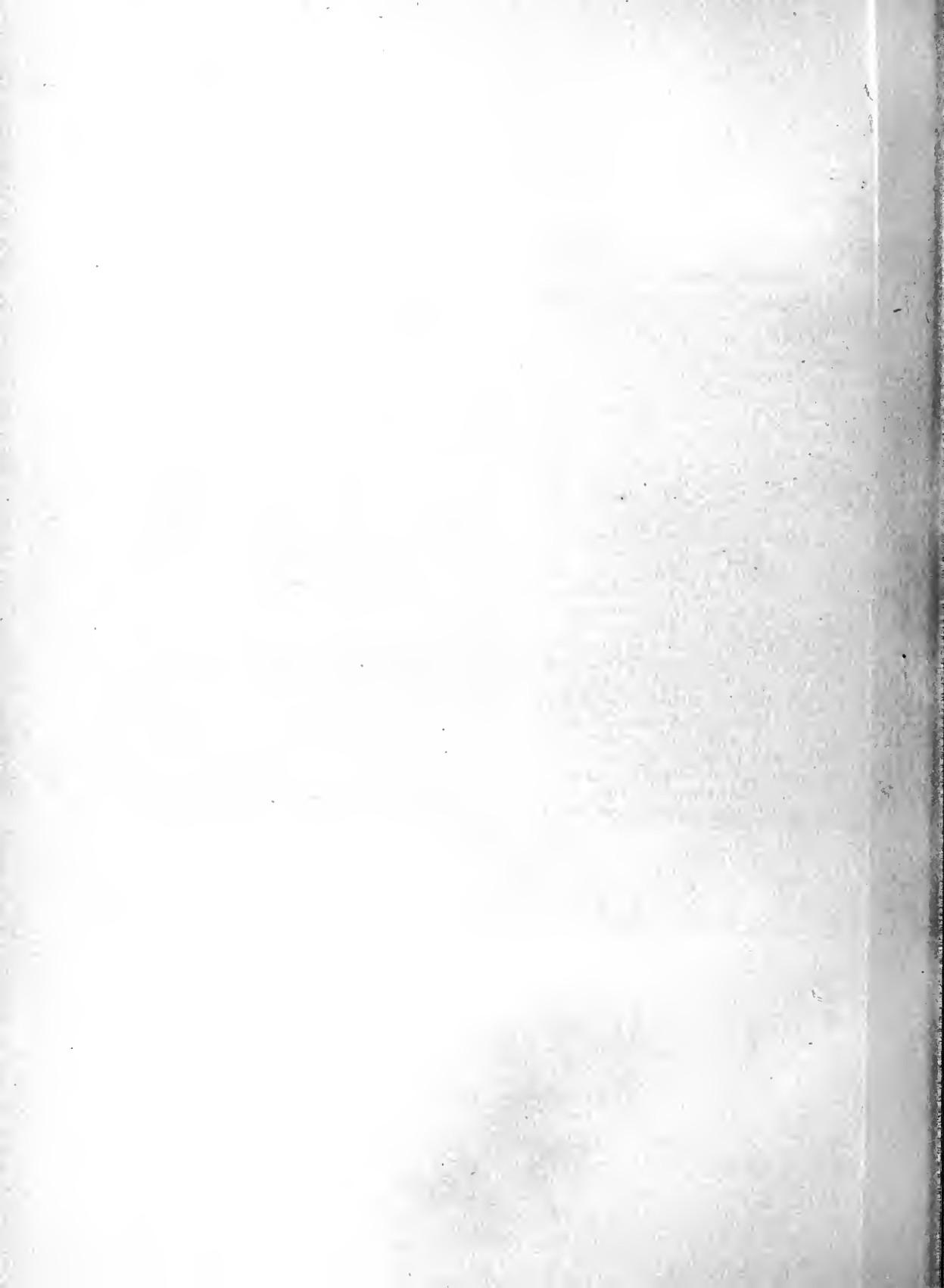
Which faithlesse he most fally dooth pretend,
To power on me whiles from dispaire in vaine,
With constant hope, my weaknesse I defend,
O torment, wherof then deathes most bitter gall:
Worse then is found in that infernall place;
To see another glory in my fall;
To see another proud with my disgrace.
Why doost thou stay, distrest Octavia tye,
Dead to all joyes let death thy torment end,
Who gaue thee life, the same doth now deny:
And to another his affection bend; bytchid
Another dooth thy interest enjoy:
And yet thou liuest, and yet thou doost delay,
To calme with death the tempest of annoyce,
When to disgrace thy life dooth thee betray
Dye dead Octavia. What I and basely dye?
Shall I sit downe and yeild my selfe to shame?
Shall I content my selfe with wronges? not I, it doth
Reuenge Octavia, or thou art too blame.
Dye neuer vreueeng'd of such a wrong,
My power is such that I may well preuaile.
And rather then I will endure it long,
With fier and sword I will you both assaile.
My nature doth abhorre to be thus vsed,
My heart doth scorne such monstrous iniurie.
My birth, my state, diddaine to be abused,
And I will deeply score thy peruriie.
Then greefe glue place a while vnto disdaine,
Mylde pitie, make thee wings and flye away.

And

of the vertuous Octavia.

And death, withdraw thy hastie hand againe,
Whiles with aduantage I their debts repay.
How now Octavia, whither wilt thou flye?
Not what thou maist, but do thou what is iust:
Shall these same hands attempt impieties
I may, I can, I will, I ought, I must,
Reuenge this high disgrace, this Cesar will,
Byrthe, nature, reason, all require the same,
Yet vertue will not haue me to do ill.
Yeeld, all things yeeld, to vertues sacred name.
How then euen thus, with patience make thee strong,
The heauens are just, let them reuenge thy wrong.
Cruell to me, selfe-wronging Antony,
Thy follie shall not make Octavia sinne:
Ile be as true in vertuous constancie,
As thou art false and infamous therein.
Ile be as famous for a vertuous wife,
As thou notorious for so leawd a life.
Cesar: As is a sweet pearle-dropping siluer showre,
Which some milde cloud down from the shadie skies
Vpon the parched flowrie fields dooth pow er
Such is Octavias light to Cesars eyes,
Hath Iasems trauaile gaind the goulden fleecce,
Or bath Octavia faild of her entent
Is Antony within the bounds of Greece,
Or dooth he stay at Blankebourg malecontent?
O. O Cesar, how my now distracted minde
Vnites it selfe to render worthy thanks:
But woe is me, no way, no meanes I finde,

No



The Tragicomedia

No hope to hide *Antony's* lustful prankes,
I him besought, by all that words might say,
By this same ring that knit the *Gordian* knot:
By all the rights past on our wedding day,
But all in vaine, for all is now forgot.
Looke how soone proude hard harted mighty rocke,
Which makes the sea a mirrour for his face,
Repell's the waters with a churkish stroake,
Which mildly striue his body to imbrace:
So his indurate minde reiects my words,
And rudely makes me and my hopes forlorne,
His flinty heart naught but repulse affords,
And my deserts returne me naught but scorne.

Cesar. Were not *Ottavia* precious in my sight,
Whose will withstood what I did most desire?
The bloody lynes had not been now to wrighte,
Of such reuenge as his leawd deeds require.
But worthy branch of braue *Ottavians* lyne,
In *Cesars* thoughts true and predominate:
Yours is my kingdome and what els is mine,
My selfe, my scepter and my royal state.
Then sith I euer graunted your request,
And let you proue al meaneis his loue to winne:
Since you and we in vaine haue done our best,
To stay his foote out of the sincke of sinne;
Now for my sake, if I may ought preuaile,
For dead *Ottavians* never stained worth:
For deare *Anchises* loue, and your awaile,
Excuse no more his faulthessesse henceforth,

Yeeld

of the vertuous *Ottavia*.

Yeeld but to this, liue heere and banish care,
Forget his name that traytor-like is fled:
Liue like a Queene, remember who you are,
And let me rouse him from his Lemmings bed.
Leave you this house of his, and what is his,
Stand of your selfe since he entends your fall:
Dishonor not your name with others misse,
If love eanot recall him terror shall.

O/ Dishonor not my name! O *Cesar* no,
My miserie is not of th'it degree:
Wrought by my follie or forc'd by my fee,
Which mought attribute that disgrace to me,
Tis paine, and greefe, to beare and suffer wrong,
But shame and sinne to him that dooth the same:
True patience can mildly suffer long,
Where rage and furie do our liues defame.
Tis fortitude which scornes the force of wrong,
And remeiance not to be moou'd withall:
Tis constancie makes vs continue strong,
And wildoms workes to free our selues from thrall.
But I am wrong'd you say, and tis base feare,
Without reuenge to suffer iniurie:
Its cowardize vnworthy wrongs to beare,
And madnesse to give way to trecherie,
Well then, reuenge, but what? *Ottavia*es wrong,
Of whom? of *Antony*. And who is he?
Ah my deere Lord, that will returne ere long,
And hate his fall, and be most true to me.
If not, Ile then reuenge, but how? with death?

D

H:

The Tragicomædæ

He is my selfe, his greefe procures my paine.
With spoile and losse ? O no that were not good,
By certaine losse to hope for doubtfull gaine.
How then ? be false as he is most vntue,
One wound doth not an others balme procure,
Flame is got quencht with flame, but both renue,
A double force not easie to endure.
Whence springs reuenge? from malice and diuidaines
Then speake not of it, for it is in vaine,
Earth open first thysse vnauoided lawes,
And swallow me in thine infernal wombe,
Eare willingly I fwarue from vertues lawes,
Truthe my loues childbed was, truthe be his tombe.

Cas. Were *Antony* as loyall in his loue,
As he is false, forsworne, and fondly bent:
Then would I thinke it reason to approoue,
And highly praise your vertuous entent,
But sith he willingly doth his forslake,
And wilfully persistes to do vs wrong :
High honor dooth require our swords to take,
Most iust reuenge, which we may not prolong.

Oth. His falsehood dooth not malice raise in me,
But rather shewes how fraile man's nature is:

An argument which bids me carefull be,

Leaft my selfe should likewise do amisse.

Cas. Can my persuasions then no whit preuaile ?
Can my request no thought of yeelding finde ?
Can you esteemme of him whose truth dooth faile ?
There are few women of *Ottawas* minde.

Oth.

of the venomous Octavia.

Oth. Too few I grant, and therefore am I such,
And though alone, yet will perseuer still:
We imitate the multitude too much,
Most do, as do the most, and most do ill.
The number of the vertuous is so small,
That few delight to tread that loanchy way :
But wiidores heires are iealous of their fall,
And thinke it shamefull all should goe astray.
A vertuous act seemes strange in some mens sight,
Because they seldome saw the like before,
But noble mindes are carefull of the right,
And others errors make them feare the more.
How senesely we sleepe in follies bedde,
How few there are indeed, how all would seeme
Wife, honest, iust, how fondly are we led,
To vse that least which we do most esteemme?
Then ought a prince to feare much more then any:
Least his fault be a presidient to many.

Cas. And is it vertue then to be misused ?

Oth. To give no cause why we shold be abused.

Cas. Do but consent, ile act and beare the blame.

Oth. To give consent to sinne, is sinne & shame.

Cas. And is it sinne to punish leawdnesse then ?

Oth. Sinne to exulte vpon repentant men.

Cas. But he persists in hatefull trecherie.

Oth. True loue may spring from pardoned iniurie.

Cas. How may they loue, who worlds of distance part ?

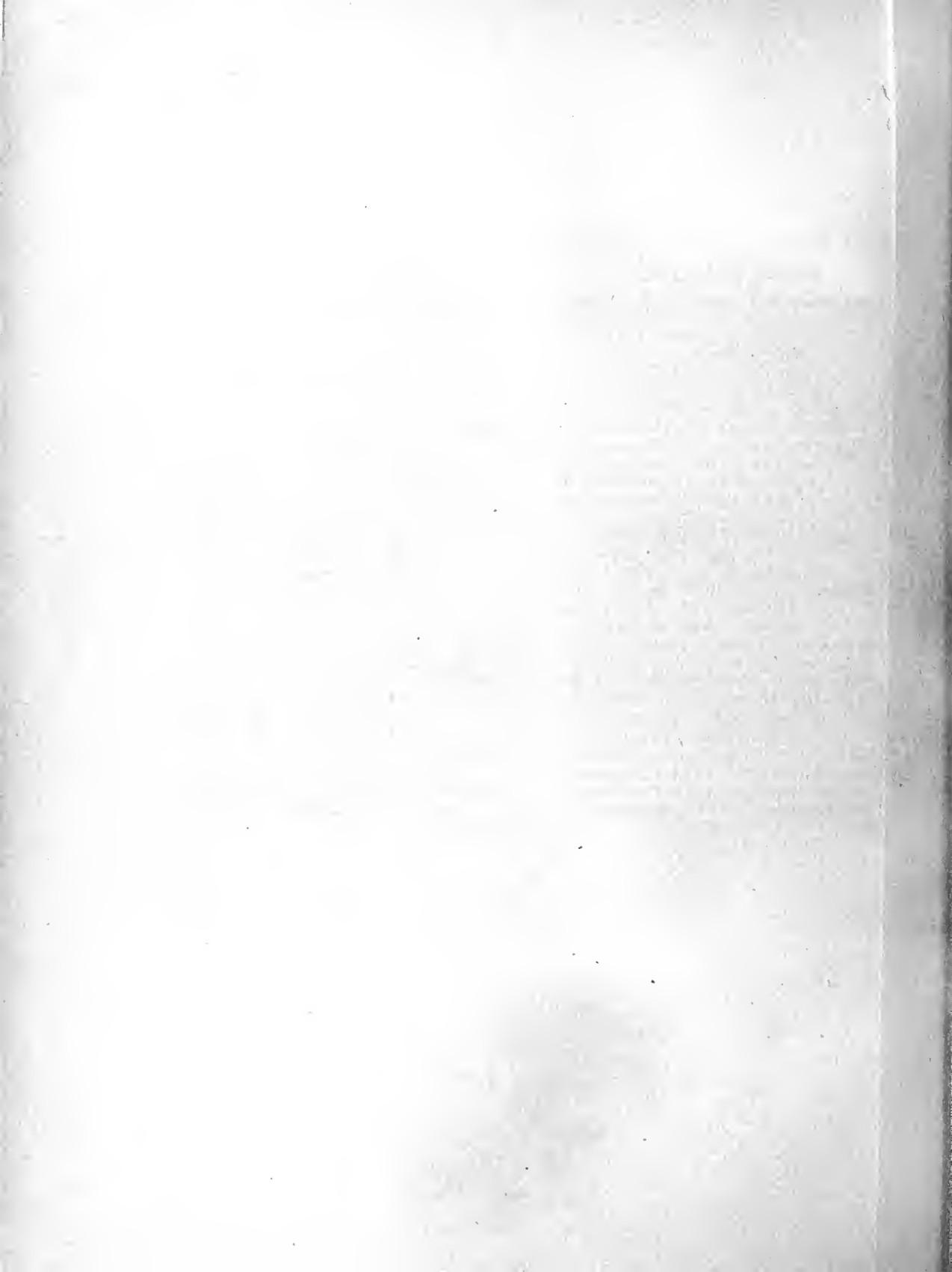
Oth. He is not far that lodg'd within the heart.

Cas. But time, and absence, will consume all loue.

D 2

Oth.





The Tragicomedia

O_A. Sorer the hart, which doth those passions proue.
C_ef. Not so, no mortall darte neare loue is found.
O_A. But we are mortall which endure the wound.
C_ef. Yet leue this house, if not his loue deny.
O_A. First let this soule out of his lodging fye.
C_ef. Can nature then no priuiledge obtaine?
Are his deserts in such abundant store?
Must all I do be fruitlesse and in vaine?
Anopinus be your guide, I say no more.
O_A. If that my words so much offend your minde,
O silent dea^ch, thou my best refuge art:
O breake my heart, for *Ces^ar* is vnkinde,
In silent greefe, O breake my wounded heart.
C_ef. What in a traunce? O sister, sister deare,
Light of my life, deare maedell of my soule:
Hurt not your selfe, O banish needless fear,
Woe, woe, to me, that did you thus controule:
O deare *Ottavia*, I speake but to prooue,
How farre your thoughts were bent with iealousie;
To finde how you esteemeid *Antony*.
O_A. O *Ces^ar* more belou'd then these same eyes,
More then the light which glads my tired life:
Do not my truly louing minde despise,
Kill not my heart with this your factious strife.
Alasse tis not his house that I respect,
His wealth, or trypartite high regiment:
I would the worlds great treasurie neglect,
Rather then hazard *Ces^ar*s discontent.

Tis

of the vertuous Ottavia.

Tis not affection that enchaines my minde,
Or partiall loue that makes my faith so strong:
Too well alasse my selfe abusde I finde,
And this my hart too sensible of wrong.
And what is worste, this wrong so full of scorne,
As mought incense the mildest minde aliue:
To see my Lord a graceless Queene suborne,
And my dishonour carelesly contruie.
Nay worse then that, if worse then that may be,
No creature euer felt the like disgrace:
Each wronged wight may hope for remedie,
My shamefull storie nothing may deface,
For if my Lord would cure this wound againe:
Yet woe is me, the scarre will still remaine,
In these respects, perhaps I could be brought,
To strike reuenge as deepe as any could:
I want no meanes whereby it mought be wrought,
For many thousands wish it if I would.
And what is more, my selfe can scarcely let:
But *Ces^ar*s sworde for me would pay the debt.
But when I finde in closet of my heart,
How I haue paun'd my faith to *Antony*,
How I haue vow'd that nought but death should
From him my loue, and my fidelitie. (part
When that I see the vulgar peoples eyes,
Make my designes the patterne of their deeds:
How with my thoughts they strue to sympathize,
And how my misse their certaine errour breeds,
When that I finde how my departure were.

D³

The

The Tragicomœdie

The opening of a gate to ciuill warres :
Then *Atlas*-like I am constrain'd to beare,
A hated hell though not the happy starres.
Ile rather dye, then witnesse with these eyes,
In mortall wounds and bloudie lynes enrowled,
The argument of my calamities,
Whon proud mischance, yniustly thus controwled.
Shall never two such noble Emperours,
Their dearest liues aduenture for my sake?
Shall never for my sake such mighty powers,
The doubtfull chaunce of battle vndertake,
Shall never tongue recount *Ottawises* errour,
An instance of his faithlesse percurie
Ile rather dye the worlds vnspotted myrroure,
And with my faith surmount his iniurie.

Ces. Well sister, then I see that constancie
Is sometimes seated in a womans brest :
Your strange desigines euen from your infancie,
Can never without wonder be exprest.

Od. I know not what you thinke of woman kinde,
That they are faithlesse and vncoustant euer :
For me, I thinke all women striue to finde
The perfect good, and therin to perstue.
Euen as a Torche, or Sulphur powdered light,
Whiles any nourishment maintaines his flame,
Fayles not to burne, and burning shineth bright,
Till arte obscure, or force put out the same :
Such is the minde in womans brest contained,
With the **true** zeale of vertues loue enslam'd,

Wc

of the vertuous Octavia.

We may be dead, but liuing neuer stained,
We may be wrongd, but neuer rightly blam'd.
Ces. Wel, for your selfe proceed as you thinke best:
Time and the heauens, must see these wrongs redrest.

Cesar. Titius. Plancus.
Great peers that striue with wisdoms sacred fame,
To ouer-lie all humaine memory:
Shew me, for what entent you hither came,
What cause you to reuolt from *Antony*?

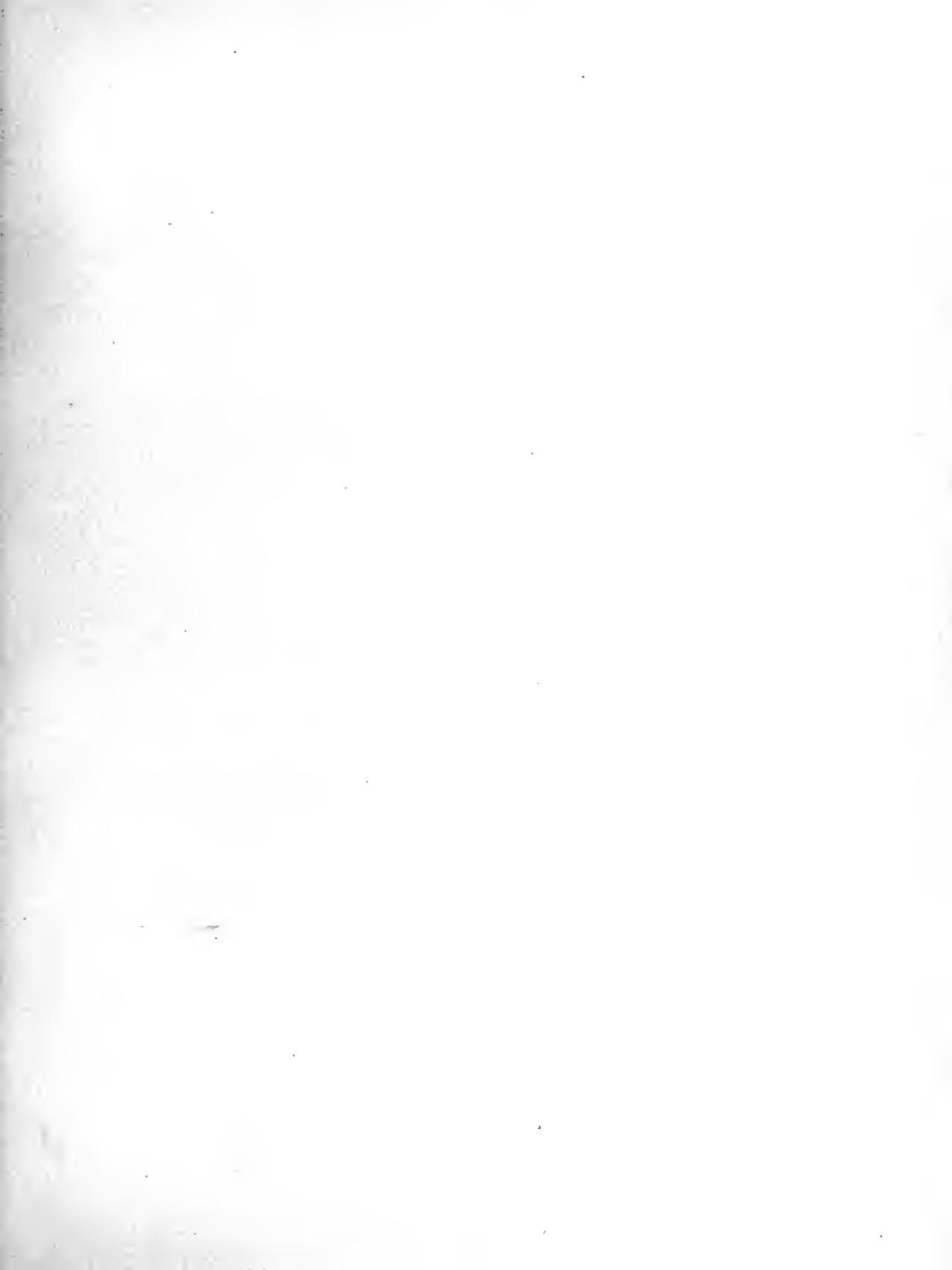
Tit. By our accesse we nothing else intend,
But humbly to beseech your maiestie :
Vnder your gracious fauour to defend,
Our wronged selues from hatefull injurie.
Proud *Cleopatra*, *Egypt*s craftie Queen,
Rules *Antony*, and wrongs she cares not where :
So insolent his late attempts haue been,
As no pride-scoring *Romasne* heart can beare.
She is become our Queen and gouernour,
And we whose courage feares the force of no man,
By seruile basenesse of our Emperour,
Must be content to stoope vnto a woman.

Ces. What Angel Queen rules those *Nyleish* coasts,
Whose beautie can so ouer-rule mens mindes :
What goddesse can command the man that boasts
To equall *Julius*, in his high designes.

Planc. If in those guifts, by nature we enjoy,
Vnto *Ottawises* sacred maiestie,
Shee be but comparable any way.

D 4

Be



The Tragicomædie

Be never *Romaines* so disgrac'd as we,
But for his artificiall ornauments,
For poinpe, for pride, for superfluitie,
For all excelle that folly represents:
She doth exceede the height of vanitie.
Hir sunne-burnt beautie cannot please his sight,
That hath a minde with any reason fraught:
But tis his *Syren* tongue that dooth delight,
Hir craftie *Cyrcus* wit which hath him caught.
As when from *Athens*, *Niger* made retume,
And did relate the Empereur's entent,
Which he of purpose had in charge to learne:
And did his princely guifts to him present.
And further did with truth discouering words,
Ottavia's well deserued praises frame:
An argument whiche to that *Queene* affords,
A furious blast to raise a Jealous flame.
Then did she nothing that attempted leue,
That art mought frame, or wit mought well deuize
Whiche mought his minde, of reason quite bereave:
And thus she straight began to *Syrene*.
Shee pinces his body with the want of food,
That she mought seeme to languish for his sake:
And by her gestures would be vnderstood,
How from his absence she her death shold take.
Hir deepe lamenting lookes fixt in his face,
In silent termes present an earnest sute:
As who should say, O pity my hard case,
Whom violence of passion maketh mute.

Then

of the vertuous *Ottavia*.

Then would she stand of purpose in his way,
In any place where he shold passage make:
And there as though vnwilling to bewray,
What bitter griefe she inwardly did take:
Downe from her eyes distil a Christall tyde,
Which at his comming she would dry againe,
And sodainly would turne her head aside,
As though vnwilling to reveale her paine,
Thus in his presence rauished with ioy,
She smiles, and shewes what mirth she can deuize:
But in his absence drowned with annoy,
She seemes to take her life from those his eyes.
Then Meermaid-like his scences she invades,
With sweetest nectar of a sugred tongue:
Vnto her will she euer him persuades,
The force of her words witch-craft is so strong.
Then came the kenell of her flattering crew,
Who largely paint the story of her death,
Like feede Attorneys they her sute tenue,
And hunt *Antonius* spirits out of breath.
Wherewith assayld, he like a man enchanted,
To make her know she need not to misdoubt him:
Or like to one with some mad fury haunted,
Assembleth all the people round about him.
In that fayre City royalliz'd by fame,
By that great *Macedon* monarke builded:
Of whom it tooke beginning, birth and name,
Where on a high *Tribunal* leate which yelded,
A large prospect, were plac'd too chayres of golde;

One

The Tragicomædie

One for himselfe, another for her grace,
And humbler seates which mought her childrē hold,
Of such like mettall, in the selfe same place.
There he establisht *Cleopatra*, Queene
Of *Egypt*, *Cyprus*, and of *Lidia*:
And that his bountie mought the more beseeue,
He ioyn'd thereto the lower *Syria*.
Cesariōn, heyre apparant to her grace
Was constituted King of those same lands.
His owne two sonnes by her were there in place,
Attended with great troopes of martiall bands.
These two, the mighty Kings of Kings he called,
And to the eldest gaue *Armenia*,
The country *Media*, and forthwith enstalled
Him regent of the Kingdome *Parthia*.
To *Ptolomy* he gaue *Phenicia*,
And all the territories there adioyning:
The vpper *Syria*, and *Cilicia*,
Vnto them both peculiar guards assigning.
A *Median* gowne the elder of them ware,
And all th' *Armenian* souldiers so instructed:
Accomplishing the charge they had before,
About him came and thence they him conducted.
In *Macedonian* robes the other stands,
In distance from his brother little space:
About him came the *Macedonian* bands,
And guarded safe his person from the place.
These things proclaim'd, the trumpets lowdest voice,
Vnto all peoples eares foorthwith imparted,

Wherat

of the vertuous Octavia.

Wherat some frowne, some murmur, some rejoyce,
Whiles he, with his immortall queene departed.

Ces. Immortall? why you said she was not such.

Pla. Not she, but her attye did claime thus much.

Ces. Was her attye so admirable then?

Pla. Scorning the basenes of vs mortall men.

Clad like the Goddesse *Ipsi* she did goe:

Then what hard heart wold not haue thought her so.

Ces. When that *Appolloinus* on his backe,

A flockbed did to *Iulus Cæsar* bring:

With thongs of leather trust vp like a sacke;

As though there had been need of such a thing,

Where was the Goddesse when this came to passe?

Pla. Shee, noble she, was ryding on her Asse.

Ces. When *Antony* about the streetes doth runne,

Listening at each mans window in the night:

To heare what in the house is said or done,

And with strainge noyses passengers affright.

Where is this Goddesse then so highly blest?

Pla. She ambles after to laugh at the iest.

Ces. And shal our state maintaine their hateful pride?

Shall bleeding *Roome* procure their wanton peace?

Tis time we stould a remedy prouide,

And their ambition speedily supprese.

Chorus:

The Tragicomedia.

Chorus. Oeuvre de la morte
Chorus. Oeuvre de la morte
Chorus. Oeuvre de la morte
VHat gilded basyes of soule,
Doe still procure our misse:
And seeke our soule to minne,
From they intended blisse.
Euen naturall selfe doth dray,
And force vs still to slide,
And violente the law,
Which reason makes our guide.
Of pleasures we alowe,
Whiche doe our thraldom bring:
When flaueling vertue now,
Is scarcely inde d'asling,
The one a poore conceit, the other prouud a King.

If that it be so sweete,
To tread the path of sinnes:
And so exceeding meete,
We shold not walke therein,
On naturall most kinnde,
That prooues weak reasons foes:
O reason too too blinde,
That crofseth nature so.
Three mal-seducing foes,
Conduict false errours traime:
Misleading most of those,

Which

of the vertuous Octavia.

Which vertues praise would gaine,
Whose force synesse we foyle, we labour all in vaine.

Th examples of the most,
Whiche most doe take least care,
To anchorre on the coaste,
Where sacred vertues are,
Sweete Syrenyng tonges,
In slattery most expert,
Whose ill persuading songes,
Our scences doe peruerre,
And mens iniurious deede,
Doe cause vs to digresse:
Our errore fury breedes,
When wronges our mindes oppresse. (distress).
These treason working mater, still worke our great

Ex.amples make vs boldo,
To tread the doubtfull way,
Whiche we before were tolde,
Would lead vs quite astray.
Persuasions kindly moone,
And winnes to doe ills,
Whose poyon when we proome,
We poisoned, loue is still,
But injury more strong,
Doe fiercely vs incite:
By suffring to doe wronge,
Forgetfull of the right,

All

The Tragicoedie

All these thrice Vertuous Queene, assaile thee with
(their might.)
Who can stale deedes despise,
And flattering tongyes neglect:
With malice temporize,
As wisedome doth direct.
Give him the Lawrell crowne,
Triumphans Factors weare:
The tytles of renowne,
Whch Vertues monarkes beare,
And thou most glorious queene,
These traynor foes repell:
That Vertue may be seene,
In that your sexe to dwell,
And brauely gaunte thy worthwher be most basely fel.

Actus quartus.

Oclania. Meccenas. Agrippa. Cesar.

YOn haughty Lords, that bury death, and fate,
In living monuments of lothy fame:
Whose worthy prafe doth claime the boundles
wherewith eternitie doth blaze her name. (date,
Gainst whom raise you these forces in such hastes?
Gainst whom lead you this danger threatening power?
Doth hatetull *L'annibali* your confins waft?

Or

of the vertuous Oclania.

Or Brennus sword your liues seeke to devoure:
No no my Lords, this your concea'l'd designe,
Resounding Echoes of most strange debate
With tragike tydinges fill'd these ears of mine,
That powr'd on me the storme of all your hate,
Neuer since princelie hande of *Sylvas* sonne,
Laide the foundations of these stately towers:
Did sharpe mitchaunce so match eclipys the sunne,
Of our good fortune, with such fatall lowers.
But if that wisedome euer found a place,
Within your scoules, which beautifies your praise:
Now shew the same, and saue from high disgrace,
Our bleeding honor, and death breathing ioyes.
You know how bloud maintaines the life of warres,
As doubtfull as deare bocht the victory:
Mans destyny is chain'd by vnknowne starres,
To happy ioyes or mournfull misery.
If you triumph, you conquer not your foes,
But neigboris, kinfolkes and your dearest friends:
Whose wounds bleed shame, and deep hart-peircing
Insted of conquest this is your amendes. (woes,
But if my Lord obtaine the lawrell wreath,
And fortune smile on him with like successe:
What fatall tempests, furious rage will breath,
From his hearts caue, your selues may easily guesse.
You know when touch of honor wings his minde,
What lyon thoughts tyre on his haughty soule,
Where wronged valour raignes tis hard to finde,
Such pitty as may honors pride controule.

Then

The Tragicomedia

Then sith your course to loose your selues is bent,
To looſe your liues or purchase living shame:
Let wiſedomes eyes, blinde errores faults preuent,
With eaſe a ſparke, with paine is quenched a flame.
Be aduocates for me to *Caſars* grace,
And ſtop in time the current of his hate:
Let gentle pittie in your mindes finde place,
When ſwords haue pleaded, words wil come too late.
You know my fortune euer hath been ſuch,
As dazed *Ennies* eies with honor's ſhine:
But ſince *Antonius* hath augmented much,
This ſouerainty, and great estate of mine;
Since nature, fortune, birth and maiestie,
In fields of glofy ſtirre yp ciuill warres,
Which of them moft ſhould raife my dignite,
And lifte mine honor neareſt to the ſtarres;
Since theſe two Emperours whos princely hands,
Doe ſway the ſcepter of the *Romaine* ſtate:
The one my brother, linke in natures bands,
The other is my ſpoufe and louing mate;
Since heauen themſelues did in my life prouide,
To ſhew the map of their felicitieſ:
This room my Lords and all the world beside,
Make me the obiect of their wonding eies.
Thus I that was more happy then the rest,
And did excell in glory and renoune:
With more then moft disgrace ſhall be ſuppreſt,
No fall like his that falleth from a crowne.
And that which nature grants the meanest wight.

They

of the vertuous Octavia.

They cannot looſe which haue the conqueſt wonne:
Yet with this ſtrange *Dylemma* workes my ſpight,
Who's enemis winne *Ottavia* is vndone.
Great Emprefe, this bright ſunne can witnes well,
So can theſe heauens before whose powers I stand:
That againſt our mindes *Caſar* doth vs compell,
This enterprize you ſee, to take in hand,
But for my ſelfe, and if the caſe be ſuch,
That bat report is auitor of this iarie:
If *Caſars* honor may be free from touch
Of any ſtaine, relinquishing the warre.
Ile doe my beſt, and what I may perſwade,
To lay downe armes, wherein if I preuaile:
A perfect league of friendſhip ſhall be made,
That may the fury of this tempeſt quale.
And pardon me (deare ſoueraigne) though my ſpeech
Include exceptions in this doubtfull wife:
I may not *Caſar* mooue, nor him beſeech,
What may his maiestie diſroyallize.
This ſaid, behold my hand, my ſword, my ſoule,
Heere humbly proſtrate at your princely feete:
What you command, let none dare to controule,
This *Caſar* will and this we thinke moft meete.
Arg. Madam, your ſpeech I thinke doth not extend,
To the diſparagement of your owne bloud:
And ſooner ſhall my life haue finall end,
Then I refuse to doe you highnes good.
Though laſt my ſpeech, yet ſecond unto none
Is my deſire, to effectuate your will:

E

But

The Tragicomedia

But loe where Cesar comes himselfe alone, (skil,
Arme we our tonges with words, our words with
Caf. Fayer iſſue of renoun'd Octanis race,
My ſecond ſelfe, Roomeſ gloriouſ Emprefſe:
Behold vs all аſſembled heere in place,
To worke your safety and your wrongs redreſſe.
Your Lord Antonius (as we heare) doth threath,
To power ſharpe ſtormes of deep reuenging Irc,
Upon our heads: and make th' imperiall ſteate
His ſole poſſeſſion, ere he hence retyre.
But let him know, though finely he pretend,
To guilde iuuiſtice with a Pritces name:
Though he triumph in words, yet ere I end,
What he begins, he may repente the fame.
Oſ. My gracious Lord, high words doe but encreaſe
The flame of valour in incensed mindes:
Leauē atmes my Lord, and let vs treate of peace:
Who beſt doth ſped in war, ſmal ſafety findeſ,
Ful wel the world your noble worth hath knowne,
Let not new dangers needleſſe trophies raiſe,
Let not th' effect of hateful deedeſ be ſhowne,
Againſt my Lord who may deserue your praife.
Caf. Shal he be prais'd that is become our foe,
Staine of our name, foile of the Romaine ſtate:
A ſcruſle man, contriuer of our woe,
And from all honor doth degenerate?
Nay what is more, tis ſaid he doth pretend,
To worke our ruine, and our fatal end.
Oſ. Can ſoule ſuſpiſhion then, and falſe report,

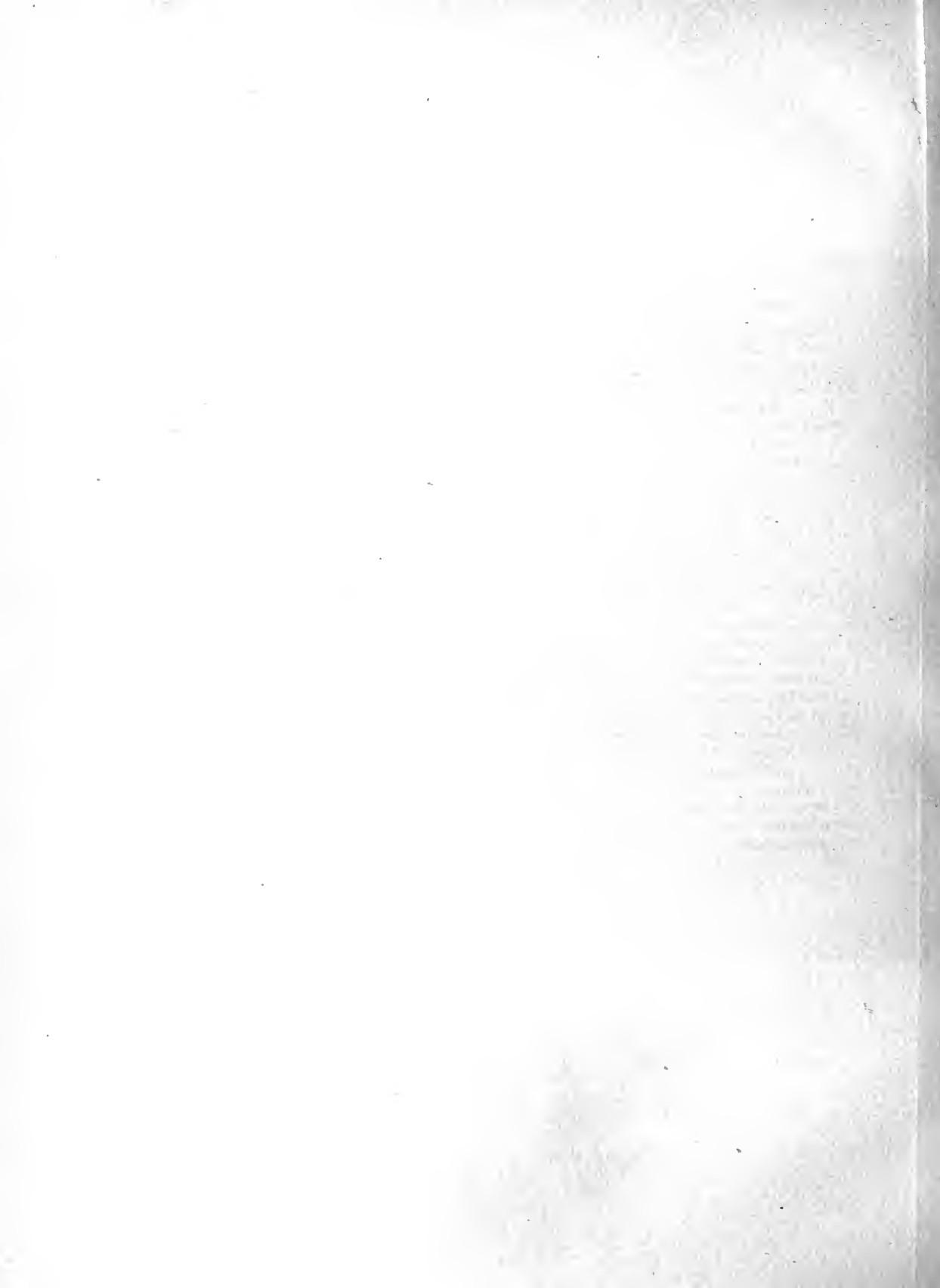
In

of the vertuous Octavia.

In wiſedomes confiſes holde ſo large a place:
That it can foyle our reaſon in ſuch ſort,
To fly the good, and worke his owne diſgrace?
The auncient Romaines wont to draw their ſwordes,
To purchase honor, of their stoutefte foes:
But you whosē groundes are vaine ſurmized wordes,
By ſeeking honor, ſhall your honors loſe,
Fame hath two wings, the one of falſe report:
The oþer hath ſome plumes of veritie,
Why then ſhould doubtful rumour, raiſe a forte
Of mortall hate, againſt my Lord and me.
Suppoſe he raiſd as you haue done, a power:
He to defend, not to offend his friend,
The heauens forbid that any fatall hower,
Should your proceedings turne t'vnhappy end.
Vnhappy no, he neuer failes amiffe,
That foiles his foe before his final ende:
High honor, not long life, the treaſure is,
Which uoble mindes without respect defend.
Oſ. The prize of honor is not alwaies bloud.
Ca. Tis honor all whose end imports our good.
Oſ. O wretched ſtate where men make halte to dye.
Ca. True valour feeleſ nor griefe nor miſerie.
Oſ. He is your brother, be not then vnkinde.
Ca. Iuuiſtice, not pitty, fits a Princes minde.
Oſ. He hath done nothing, ſpare an innocent.
Ca. He doth too much that beares a falſe entent.
Oſ. You both are ſtronge, and both will buy it deare.
Ca. I arm'd with iuuiſtice, know not how to feare.

E 2

Oſ.



The Tragicomedia

O^r. O Cesar shall my heart be made a stage,
For you to play a boldie tragedie?
Shall feare misfortune, breathing spitefull rage,
Make me vicegerent of all misery?
If both of you milled in eours maze,
Doe seeke revenge of misconceiuied wrongs,
For your owne sakes out of your fancies raze,
The spots of mallice grafted with your tongues.
But if mishance have offered disgrace,
To eyther party: O let me entreate,
That for my sake, kinde pardon may deface,
A fault so small, with breath of words made great.

Ce/. Bright lamp of vertue, honors living flame,
Whosoeuer winne, you can no losse sustaine:
Whom partiall fortune list to crowne with fame,
His be the day, the triumph and the game:
The victor must be eyther your owne Lord,
Or els your brother, who will both consent,
To trie their fortunes with the dinte of sword,
But shuld you as the worlds chiefe ornament.
If both we fall, (which hap the heauens forbid)
All that suruiue, are subiect to your will.
Your birth, your state, your vertues are not hid:
But knowne, and lou'd, and will be honored still.
no ear so deaf which hath not heard your name, (mire
Whose eares haue heard, their mindes your worth ad-
Whose minds admire, their harts loue doth enflame,
And winnes them subiect to your owne desire.
No perils threaten you, you need not feare.

O^r. .

of the vertuous Octavia.

O^r. But many you, and I their burthen beare.

Ce/. Tis reason I, none els my griefe sustaine.

O^r. Where nature forceth, reason is but vaine.

And therefore Cesar heere I thee beseech,
By these same scepter-bearing hands of mine:
By these same teates, true witnes of my speech;
By that same princely port and grace of thine;
By all the loue thou bear'st to Accises ghost,
By all the rightes that louing mindes hold deare,
Lay armes aside dismisse this puissant豪士,
Let friendly tracer release my minde of feare.
If not, ile drown my life in these same teares,
And tyre with plaints the Pandionian burdes:
Tyre th' Hellenes, with griefe that bears
To high a straine, for highest clyming words.
Ile make the sunne for pity doath his steedes
In sorrows liuer, and disdaine your sight:
Force niggard Pluto with my wofull deeds,
To entertaine my soules disgraced flight.
Else will I flee and shrowde my face from shame,
Where Pyndus hides his head amongst the starres:
Or where ambitious Othris, wanting flame
Of heauenly lamps, the cloudes swift motion barres.
Ought will I doe, before thefesies behold
Death's visage painted in that princelie face:
Before ile see captiuitie lay holde
On those faire lims, which merit highest grace.
Before ile see their bloudie weapons drinke,
The nectar of thy life, or luorie stain'd.

E 3°

With

The Tragicomædie

With vgly gore : O let me never thinke,
Or hope till then, to haue this life maintayn'd.
Before that time, death is a welcōme guest
To my liues lodging : and O sisters deare,
If euer pity dwelt in dyrefull brest,
Draw not my thred till that newes peirce mine eare.
How oft when sleep idelites my drowsie eye,
With natures curtaine to repell the light,
And hide my minde from sorrows tyranny,
Under the darknesse of the silent night.
Shal thy pale ghost desyld with deaths soule hand,
Stand in my light, as in the clearest day,
And fury-like arm'd with blacke fiery brand,
Affright my minde and chasck dead sleep away?
Which being gone, fierce sorrows cruell claves,
Seaze on my waking thoughts like tygess fell,
And gripe my heart with sharpe tormenting paws,
That thousand times deaths rygour doth excell.

Ces. O perfect vertue gracing woman kinde,
Inuincible *Ottavia* ceale to plaine.
O had *Antonius* halfe so good a minde,
No discord could betwixt vs two remaine.
My Lords what thinke you, how may we proceed?
High honor cries reuenge vpon our foes:
And yet *Ottavia* crossing this our deed,
Cannot resolute which of vs she would loose.

Agr. I thinkke it is a braue and Princeley thing,
With fire and sword to ruinate our foes:
But greater glory is it for a King.

To

of the vertuous Ottavia.

To sauē his subiects from wars common woes,
Tis wisedome noble *Cesār*, must aduance
Our state beyond the reach of fortunes arme:
Not fiercer reuenge which works effectes by chace,
And glories most when most it worketh harme.
And valour, such as doth contemne all feare,
And guild our actes with honor and renoumes
With gentle clemencie, our deeds endear,
And mount widi vertue where chance throwes vs.

Meca. The rarest thing a Princes faine to raise,
Is to excell those that are excellent:
All other to surmount in vertucci praise,
And be his kingdomes chiefest ornamēnt.
Make quiet peace within his coates remaine,
And succour those that lie in great distresse:
From bloody slaughter euer to restraine,
With time, and wisedome, passions rage suppreſſe.
These are the wingy direcing vertues flight,
This is the fuel feeding honors flame,
This is the path that leades to heauen aright,
and sun-bright beames that guild braue *Cesārs* name.

Ces. Pitty my Lords, is often like a maske,
That hides our eyes from seeing what is iuste,
Inuiting any to vndertake the taske,
To worke our woes and execute their lust.
For to neclect the course we haue begun,
Were to betray our selues vnto our foes:
Where keeping strong though no exploite be done,
Yet gaining nothing, nothing shall we loose.

Why

The Tragicomadie.

Why you're ill inform'd of *Antony*,
And his attempts exceed your knowledge farre:
I feare me when you know as much as I,
You'll pleade as fast to prosecute the warre.
But see a stranger hastes into our sight,
With further newes, and if I judge a right.

Byt. Thrice noble *Cesar*, hither am I sent,
Hauing in charge from great *Mark Antony*:
Th' ambassage of his pleasure to present,
Before *Ottavia* and thy maiesy.
First he commandes *Ottavia* to depart,
Out of his house, and leaue all that is his:
The reason why, he list not to impart,
It must suffice that such his pleasure is.
He likewise will thy highnesse knowledge take,
How much he scornest thou shouldest his wil withstand;
And therof meanes with fire and sword to make
A perfect demonstration out of hand.

Ces. Will *Antony* our confines then invade,
With Ciuitall warres, continuall of our woe?
Great reason preparation shoud be made,
For to withstand so puissant a foe.

Byt. Five hundred saile of warlike ships he brings,
Wherewith the strothing Ocean he scourges:
And in his army are eight foraigne Kings,
Eight Kings in person with their mighty powers.
A hundred thousand well arm'd foote, are led
Vnder *Canidius* their chiefe general:
Twelue thousand horse most strongly furnished,

All

of the vertuous Ottavia.

All these are knowne, and knowne these are not all.
Ces. How now my Lords, is this think'e you a time,
To talke of clemencie & or of delay?
Is not this mischiefe in his chiefest prime,
Before we could the speedie spring bewray?
What saith *Ottavia* to these tidings strange,
Are our conjectures upon falsehood grounded?
Can this suffice your settled thoughts to change?
Are not our liues with mischiefe Ocean bounded?

Ott. Had I so many tongues to paint my woes,
As euer silent night had shining eyes:
Yet could not all their eloquence disclose,
The throwes of greefe which do my minde surprize.
But would to God this world of misery,
Mought presently be rebled vnto me:
So that from imminent calamitie,
My dearest brother *Cesar* mought be free.
For me, long since I wel discern'd the storme,
And sought by all meanes how I mought prevent it:
But sith no wit can *Antony* reforme,
O 'tis not I, but he, that wil repent it.
I fear'd the stroke before I fel the wound,
But now resolud the worst of chance to bide:
True fortitude doth in my soule abound,
My honor scorns the height of fortunes pride.
The worst that can befall me is but death:
And O how sweete is his liues sacrifice,
On vertues altar that expires his breath,
And in the arms of innocencie dyes.

They

{ *The Tragicomedia*

They onely feare, and onely wretched are,
From whose bad liues staind with impietie :
Their dying fame doth to the world declare,
Most shamefull stories of foule infamie.
But those that know not, let them leame in me :
That vertuous minds can never wretched be,
Ces. My Lords, I wil yee presently proclaine
Marke *Antony*, a foe vnto our state:
That all his soueraignties yee straight reclaine,
And all his dignities annihilate,
We will not see the *Romaine* Empires shine,
By any seruile minde to be defamed :
To manage steele our nature dooth encline,
Of womens wanton toyes we are ashamed.
And therefore with such hast, as may be fit,
A matter that imports our dearest bloud:
Weele meet *Antonius*, if the heauens permit,
And what we say, there will we make it good.
Adiew *Ottavia*, and your selfe prepare
To runne what course of fortune I approue:
If happy starres to vs allotted are,
Ile neuer be forgesfull of your loue.
Ott. Honour attend thy steps, and till I see,
The period of my worlds declining state:
Ile neuer to my selfe a traytor bee,
But seeke the meanes to stay your mortall hate.

Chorus.

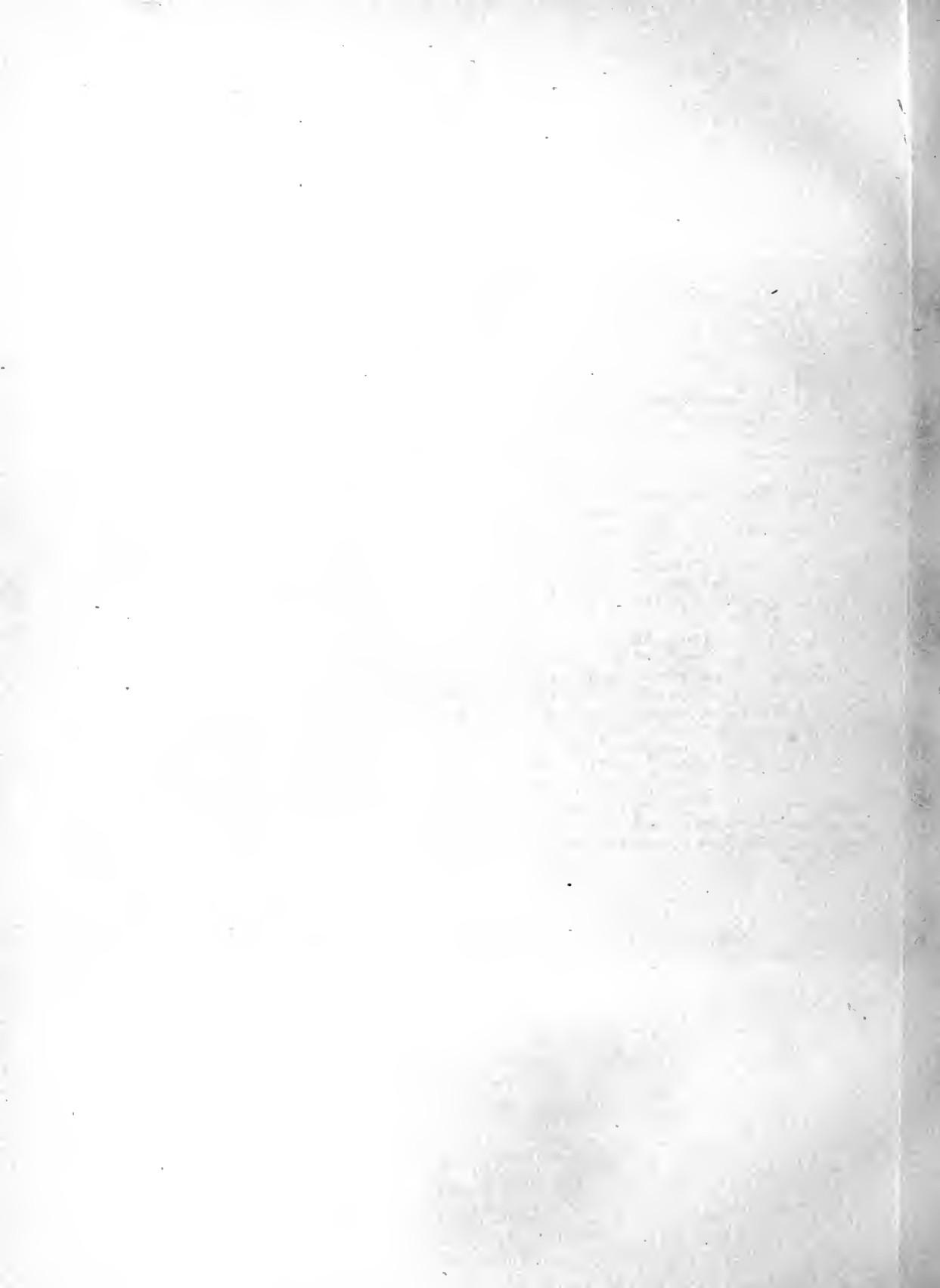
of the vertuous *Ottavia*.

Chorus.

*E*arth-ruling beawenty powers,
Great Ioues immortall mates :
That from your Chrystall bowers,
Dyre all mortall states,
And vs like Actors do dispise :
To play what parts you list c'impose.
Must we, poore we, c'nsene
To call you euer iust ?
Though your harts torment,
Euen after your owne lust ?
And for each drop of hoped joy :
Powre downe whole tempests of annoy.

And that which is much more,
Looke what we best do deeme :
Dost vex our mindes more sore,
Then that we least esteeme.
And that which nature fitteth is best :
By tryall yeelds vs smallift rest.
Who dooteth nor wylth, to ware
The terrorre breeding crowne :
And direfull scepter beare,
As badge of high renoun?
Yet who more iustly do complaine :
That they the brane of woes sustaine.

Stand



The Tragicomœdie

Stand who so list for me,
In highest flipperie place:
Though great their glorie be,
Yet greater their disgrace:
And who so subject to mischance:
As shose whom fortune doth aduance.
These base earth-creeping mates,
Proudenise never spye:
When at the greatest states,
Hir poysonef quiner flyes.
Each tempest doth turmoyle the seas:
When little lakes haue quiet ease.

Not those that are bedight,
With burnisht glistening gould,
Whose pompe doth steale our sight,
With wonder to behoule:
Taft smallest sweet without much gaudie:
Nor finde true joyes within their call.
This did the heauens impoze,
Not that they are eniusit:
But for to punish thise,
Who glory in their lust.
And our misdeeds procure vs stills:
To seeke our good amonst much ill.

A monstre honour is,
Whose eyes are vertues flame:
His face contempt of this,

Which

of the vertuous Octavia.

Whiche we pale deeth do name.
His Lyon heart nought else doth feare:
But crowing cocke of shame to haire.
His wings are high desires,
His feete of iustice frame:
Food dangerous aspires,
His seatte immortall fame.
Only the traime of Ennies plume,
With others growthe is selfe consumer.

Actus Quintus.

Iulia. Geminus. Camilla.

Hath Geminus beheld th' Egyptian Queene,
The auctor of the troubled worlds distresse?
Hast thou hir giuifts and rare perfections scene,
That makes Antonius scences thus digresse?
Tell vs, is she so admirable faire,
That Italy hath none which may come nigh hir?
Doth she all beauties else so much impaire,
Or els indeed, dooth partiall fame be lyke hir?
Haue those hir eyes so rate an influence,
To houldre and captiuate mens scences so,
That foylng wit, and reasons best defence,
They rauished, must needs themselves forgoe?
Gem. I know not what may seem faire in your sight,
Because some like what others discommend:

Buc

The Tragicomadie

But for my selfe, and if I judge aright,
Speaking of Cleopatra as a frend.
The fairest thiing that in her may be seene:
Is, that she is a Ladie and a Queene.
Madame, that sun-burnt coast, yeelds not a face
Which with the Romain beauties may compare:
There mought be found a thousand in this place;
Whose natural perfeccions are more rare.

Iul. How passing strange it seemes that *Anthonie*,
Should leauue the paragon of natures pride:
And follow hit whose shamefull luxurie,
Dooeth make the world his folly to deride.
Whence shoulde hit spring, that such a thing shoulde be?
Is this his folly, or the heauens decree?

Cam. His fault no doubt, & croseth natures lawes.
Iul. And I thinke not, for nature is the cause:
By nature we are mood'ed, nay forst to loue:
And being forst, can we resist the same?
The powerfull hand of heauen we wretches prooue:
Who strike the stroke, and poore we, beare the blame.

Cam. Loue sure, fro nature tooke his birth by right,
But loue of what? Iul. Of beautie loues delight.

Cam. And what is beautie? Iul. first say what is loue?

Cam. Loue's a desire of what doth liking moue.
Iul. Desire doth spring, fro what we wish, and want,
Dooth loose himselfe in winning of his saint:
Enjoying dooth that humor quite supplant,
And therefore cannot this loues nature paint.
If loue were a desire, as you do gesse,

Sith

of the vertuous Octavia.

Sith none desires that which he doth enjoy,
We could not loue the thing we do posseſſe:
For why, enjoying, would our loue destroy.
But this is false, and you haue iudg'd amisse.

Cam. Speak you the truth, whose iudgment better is.

Iul. I thinke this loue a deepe affection, sure,
Wrought by th' instinct of natures hidden might,
Which in our hearts an vnion doth procure,
With that which perfect scences vnto our sight.

Such is that loue which in vs doth arise,
When such a beautie we do chaunce to see:

As with our nature best doth sympathize,
Whiche nature, faulitic is, and not poore we.

Cam. Wel, what is beauty? Iul. that which liketh best.

Cam. Which liketh whō? Iul. Some one abouely rest.

Cam. Why? some do like what others disallowe.

Some loue, what others hate: and few there are
In whom a like affection doth growe,

Of any onething, though the same be rare.

Were beautie then ſuch as you heere do name,
One thing ſhould be, and not be beautiull,

One thing ſhould be, and yet not be the ſame:

And that me thinkes were ſtrange and wonderfull.

I rather thinke theſe outward beauties growe,
From iust proportion and right symmetrie:

Of theſe ſame quifts which nature doth beſtow,

Vpon vs all in our nativitie.

Iul. Indeed we ſee a mixture farre more fine

In ſome, then others, wrought by natures frame :

To



The Tragicomœdie

To whom the praise of beautie we ascribe,
Yet do not all alike affect the same,
Now, if this were the obiect of our loue,
We all shoulde like some one that were most faire:
Who shoulde alone most deepe affection moue,
Whil's vulgar minds mought drowne in deep despaire.
But as no woman easily can endure,
To be depriu'd of beauties louely praise :
So is there none so much deformed sure,
That in some minds, affection doth not raise.
There's none so faire whose beautie all respect,
Although we were enforst it shoulde be so :
Some nothing faire, whom we must needs affect,
Thoughi reason, wit, and all the world say no.

Cam. And what shoulde be the cause of all this same?

Inl. I thinkes because we lode in natures frame.
Look how the Loadstone drawes nought els but Steele,
Though mettals far more pretious are about it:
Yet this as his fit subiect seemes to feele
His power attractive, and moues not without it,
Or as in diuers instruments we see.
When any one doth strike a tuned string :
The rest which with the same in concord be,
Will shew a motion to that seicless thing ;
Vvhen all the other neither shire nor playe,
Although perhaps more musicall then they :
So are our minds, in spight of reasons nav,
Strain'd with the bent of natures sympathie :
Vvhose powerfull force, no wit, no arte, can stay.

And'

of the vertuous Octavia.

And if you aske a farther reasoun why :
In these two things, but shew the cause of both :
Inl. And then ile tell you why we loue, and loathe,
Now, if the power of nature be so strong
That even seicless things yeld therewitho :
O why should we endure so great a wrong,
To beare the blame of that which others doe.
What liuing man can ceasse himselfe to be,
And yet as possible as to refraine,
From that whereto our nature dooth agree :
And spight of vs, doth vs thereto constraine.
Who can be angry with the seicless Steele,
For cleaving vnto this hard-harted thing?
Or blame that which can neither heare, nor feele,
For mouing to the other sounding string :
If these may be excusid by natures lawes :
O how much more shoulde we be free from blame,
Within whose tender hearts affection drawes,
Such deepe caractars leading to the same.

Cam. Is beautie then, sole obiect of our loue?

Inl. That which seems so, doth our affection moue.

Cam. I euer thought that vertue had been best.

Inl. We praise that most, but yet esteeme it least.

Ca. Why disferend, whose worth is so wel knowne.

Inl. To shew that vice the world hath ouergrowne.

Ca. The name is often hard in each mans mouth.

Inl. The thing more rare then Eagles in the south.

Ca. The thing contemnd can we the name esteemē?

Inl. Yes all that are not such as all would seeme.

F

But

The Tragicomede

But sith this is the beautie of the minde,
And nothing fits our naturall discourses:
Let vs excuses for *Antonius* finde,
And to our former purpose haue recourse.
Cam. No *wiles*; no, your haruest is too long,
For such a simple croppes as you receiuie:
You may not thus persist the truth to wrong,
And with your wit, the world seeke to deceiue.
But Lord how willing are we to iuuent,
And finde out couerts to obscure our shame:
As though to hide the same, and not repente,
Could vs preferre from being drownd therine.
Tis true, that nature did these buildings frame,
And true, that they to natures power are thrall.
And true, that imperfections foyle the same,
And true, that we by natures weaknesse fall.
And this is true, that Godlynatured all,
And gave vs wisedome to suppress our will:
He gave vs perfect reason to recall,
Affections scoutes from following what is ill.
Why we are men: and this same sparke divine,
Our trouping thoughts should marshall in such wife,
That no affect from reason shoud decline,
Nor rebell passion in our hearts arise.
Thi instinct of nature, which doth all things moue,
Bids loue whereas you like without regarde:
But pietie saith, where tis lawfull loue,
Or els hell torments shall be your rewarde.

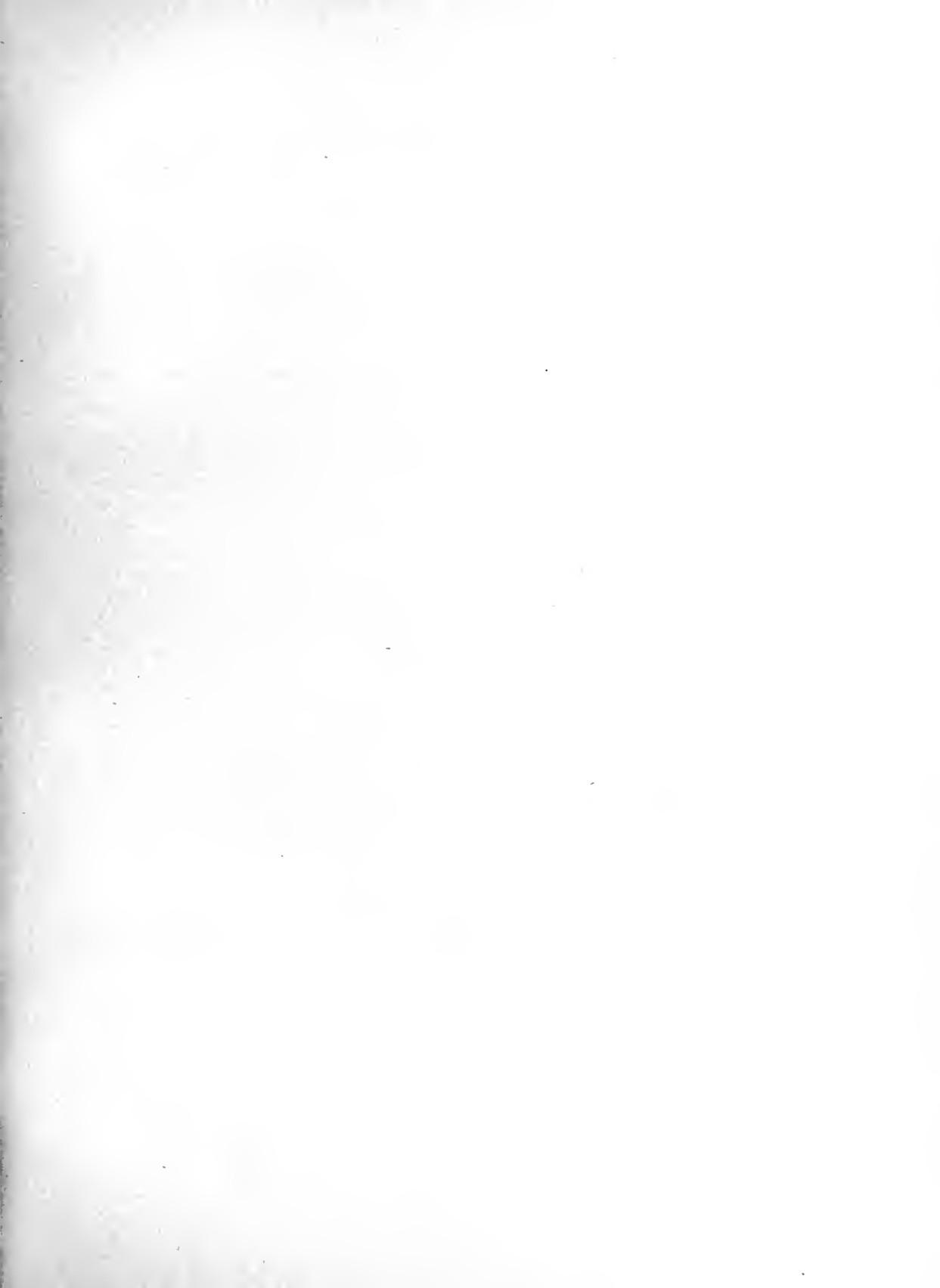
Ottavia.

of the vertuous Ottavia.

Ottavia. Antonyes children.
And is it true, is *Antony* vnkinde?
Hath this new loue, of faith and troath bereft him?
Can fonde affection so obscure his minde,
That not one sparke of honor should be left him?
Can he so far forget his owne good name,
As to dishonor all that are about him?
Ah can he not without a further blame,
Permit them dye that cannot liue without him?
Come poore companions of my misery,
The issue of the faulkest man aliue:
Support the burthen of his trecherie,
Whose base reuolt, our ruine doth contrive.
Come poore beholders of your mothers fall,
Whose innocence mought greater pittie moue:
Your impious father doth despise vs all,
Forsaken we, must other fortunes proue.
Come poore attendants of a falling state,
Whose silent sidnesse doth my greefe renew
Yet beyou all much more vnluckie,
Ere any seedes of leawdnesse rest in you.
Come let vs goe, and leaue this loanly place,
Your fathers dying loue bequeathes you hence:
O live this house, as from your owne disgrace,
Tis his commaund you shoud be banisht hence,
Dead *Fulvia*, how can tly imperious ghoast
Endure to see thine *Orphans* thus oppressed?
Yet of mine honor though his loue be lost,

F 2

Whiles



The Tragicomœdie.

Whiles I suruiue, they shall not be distressed.
O *Antony*, borne of no gentle Syre,
Some cruell *Cancrum* did thee begett
Euen scencelesse things thy scencelesse admire,
And seeme to feele, what thou seemest to forget.
Oft haue I seene, these stones with pitty moued,
Sheed dropping teares, lamenting my disgrace:
When in thy heart where most it most behoued,
No kinde remorse could euer finde a place.
More milde then thee, I finde each cruell beast,
For they but giue a sinale-time lassing death:
With encklesse greefe, my soule thou dost molest,
Which euer killing, neuer staps my breath:
O failing pilier of my falling state!
O fading flower of vertues fairest field!
O why shouldest thou so much degenerate,
And honors byrth-right to dishonor yeeld.
Yeeld to dishonour all that deare bought, wealthy,
Which earthly kings doth in heauens kingdom place:
Let thy mindes treasure fall away by sleath,
By stealth contrarie and worke thine owne disgrace.
O *Ercina* that my Lord did know,
As thy fonde boye shoothes shaftes of swift desire:
So mightie *Tone*, sharpe thunder-boultis doth throwe,
Confounding such as from his lawes retyre.
He nurst in tynne, sees not his owne disgrace,
Augmenting still, our sorrow and his shame:
That greatnessse hides the danger from his face,
But yet my care is doubled with the same.

The

of the vertuous Oltania.

The greedie Wolfe, and cruell rauening bear,
Toucht with th' extremitie of hungrie paine,
The guiltlesse cattle furiously do teare:
And being fed, from crueltie restraine.
But tyranizing greefe prayes on the heart,
And cloyed with sighes and teares, doth stil perseuer:
His raging furie nothing may diuert,
But still, dull fed, is satisfied never.
O happie he, a thousand times and more,
Whose quiet thoughts so milde a calme do gaine:
That neither hope can force from safeties shone,
Nor deepe despaire can sincke on mischiefes maine:
But maiestie, and honour, for these too,
Shalbe the onely obiects of mine eyne:
What vertue faith is iust, that will I doe,
Thus I resolute to lie, thus will I dye.

Geminus. Byllins. Oltania.

And are you sure that *Antony* is slaine?
May we beleue that this report is true?
Byl. Why shouldest you wish me to recount againe,
The story that doth double greefe renew?
O had you but discovered with your eyes,
The face of woe in all that present were:
Or heard their dolefull noyse, and shriking cryes,
You would haue caufe to greeue and not to feare.
Olt. What tragick tidings bring these wofull wights,
That ring such peales of horror in mine eares?
What unknowne cause your martiall hearts affrights?

F 3

What

The Tragicomedia

What silent greefe in your sadde lookes appears?
Byl. Did but our words import the sound of woe,
To wound your eareys withall were double sinne:
But sithe your highnesse will, i shoule be so,
And that your ffectie is contain'd therein;
We will not from your grace conceale the same;
And though we shoule, yet time will open all.
From Ægipts common woes I lately came,
And did bewaile *Antonius* wilfull fall.

Off. Is *Antony* ore throwne? Byl. Yes all is lost.
His power and forces wholy are decayed:
He is deceaved by hir he loued most,
By *Cleopatra* shamefully betrayed.
And she that taught him first to swim in sinne:
Was even the first that dtrown'd his life therein.

Off. Ah, by what meanes did she my Lord abuse?
Byl. By such a meanes as leawd offenders vse.
For when the warres at first pretcnded were,
And that *Antonius* with him would not take hir:
She fearing least hir selfe not being there,
He shaply mought be moued to forlake hir,
Shee sees *Caesar* our cheefe Generall,
Him to perswade, that she mought present be:
He sues, obtaines, and we embarked all.
Make joyfull hast our wofull end to see.
For whiles our powers of equall forces were,
And neither side could disaduantage spyre,
Like one that knew a secret cause offearre,
Out of the atmie she btgan to flye.

Loc

of the vertuous Octavia.

Loc, how no greatness can our conscience free,
From inward horrour of our wicked deeds:
For that same better part of vs doth see,
A greater power whose Justice terror breeds.
But he, whose thoughts were to hir lookes enchain'd,
Although the armie did no losse sustaine,
As though for hir he had the world disdayned :
Forsakes them all, and after flyes araine,
Whose causelesse feare so much dismayd the host,
Who scorn'd to fight for him which runne away:
That with small hurt, the battle there was lost,
And *Cesar* had the honor of the day.
The Legions, thus deprived of a guide,
Themselues to *Cesars* clemencie submit:
Antonius basenesse they do all deride,
And thinke a chamber were for him more fit.
But Lyon-harted *Cesar* still proceeds,
His strength is doubled, weakened is his foe:
Vnto *Pelusium* hastyly he speddes,
These fugitiues may not escape him so.
There lay *Antonius* natiue in the rode,
Who yedded when *Augustus* fleet was seene:
And likewise shewed how *Antony* abode,
At *Alexandria* with this fearfull Queene,
Who seeing thus himselfe deprived of ayde,
Cryes out that *Cleopatra* hath betrayed him:
She whether guylde, or perhaps affraid,
That frō his slaughter nothing could haue staid him,
Flies from his sight, and falsely sends him word,

F 4.

That

The Tragicoædie

That slie (drownd in despaire) her selfe had slaine;
Wherwith enrag'd, he takes his swerd by syde,
And breathing out these speeces all amoyne,
O Cleopatra prynceesse of my heart;
And art thou dead? lo dying I adore thee:
This more then death, doth now procure my smart,
That wanting courage, I went not before thee;
With that, yet warme death-coulored instrument,
In his faire brest he did the gate set ope,
Whiche to the earth, his bloudlesse lynes hath sent:
His dying soule vp to the heauens I hope.

Vita. And is he dead? Byl. His better part yet liueith,
But to his corps a tombe sweet quiet giueth.

Ost. 1. O poore *Prometheus*, now I seele thy paines,
Greeches greedie vulture feedes vpon my heart:
Vpon my head a shover of mischiefe raines,
And all the heauens conclude to worke my smart.
O my *Antonius*, O my Lord, my Lord!
O that *Ott. 1.* had been slaine for thee,
O that the heauens would vnto me a bled,
That this my bloud, mought thy liue solome be.
Mine was the wound thou gauest that neare brest,
That purple streme extracted from my heart:
In my deepe passions is thy deaſt expreſſe,
Thou felſt the ſtroke, þut I endure the smart,
And O that greefe did not thus ſlow my breath,
And all my words diſſolve in ſhortnes of teares,
That I mought worthy lamentation bath,
And *Catadupa*-like, dull all mynes cares.

Vnhappie

of the vertuous Octavia.

Vnhappy world, howe vntage of paine,
The ſtege where in weare, doth a dyreful part:
What haſt thou haſt, what doſt thou now containe,
Which but a thought of pleaſures moughit impart.
Not one care-wanting houre my life hath taſted:
But from the very instant of my birth,
Vnceſtant woes my tyred heart haue wasted,
And my poore thoughts are ignorant of mirth.
Looke how one waue another ſtill purſueth,
When ſome great tempeſt holds their troupes in chafe:
Or as one houre an others loſſe reneweth,
Or poſting day ſupplies another's place;
So do the billows of affliction beate me,
And hand in hand the ſtormes of miſchief goe;
Successiue cares with vtter ruine threate me,
Griefe is enchain'd with griefe, and woe with woe.
Yet muſt I beare it with a patient minde:
For why the heauens haue this to me assign'd.

Chorus.

I Nenorabile ſexto,
This on both hids, and low
Tour equal ſix, the ſix
Correſting all the ſix
And ſix, ſix, ſix, ſix, ſix, ſix,
Tent fauour none may wilme,

No

The Tragcomædie

No cloake or fault can hide,
But needs we must abide,
The punishment of sinne,
And hope for no releasing.
No greatness may withhold,
No words can pity moue:
But we must all approoue,
The vigour of your hand:
Great loues decree: expressing.

Great loues decree: which same,
Fate, fortune, chance, doe name:
Are not indeed the same,
But heauenly eternall doome:
Our wilesse steps directing.
Their speech exceeds our skill,
Their words pierce not our eares:
But in our life appears,
The legent of their will:
Our errours misse corretting.
Then let the greatest know,
Dole on their ruine feedes:
Whiles they obscure vile deedes,
Vnder a gloriouse soew;
The vulgar sort infidels.

Octavia still distrest,
Dash not to vs declare,
How they most wretched are,

of the vertuous Octavia.

Who are with griefe opprest:
But shewes what heauen requireth.
How through affliction great,
Great troubles and annoy:
We finde the doubtfull way,
That leads to vertues seate:
Which wisedomes selfe desireth.
In fairest christall stonye,
Let men her trophies shew:
That all the world may know,
Heere liueth such a one,
As vertues height aspires.

Sharpe griefe and sweet delight,
Are Gyanis to approone:
If ought may vs remoue,
And turne vs from the right,
Thence double errour springeth.
The weakest wrought his fall,
Whiles that Octavia true:
The other did subdued,
And purchasht therewithall:
That faine her honur singeth.
A monumeant may vs,
Of pure Arabian gold,
The highest worth vinfold,
Let arte for her prepare:
Who time the triumph bringeth.

Wlio

Time

The Tragicomædies

Time shall endear thy name,
With honors breath make sweet:
The garland is most meete,
For such as winne the same;

Thy vertue best deserved.
Whiles any sparkes of worth,
Doth lodge in womans brest:
Thy praise among the rest,
Be cuermore henceforth,

In n^eblest mindes preserved:
Of Diamonds most pure,
A tombe let Angels frame:
And there eng rauue her name,
For cuermore t' endure,
T' eternitie reserved.

L' aqua non temo de l'eterno oblio.

FINIS.



To the honorable, vertuous, and excellent: Mistresse
Mary Thynne.



Orthy of all the titles of honor, y nature, vertue, wisedome and worth, may bestow on their worthyest, & most fauoured possessors: hauing lately extracted the memory of *OEtania* out of the ashes of obliuion: my thoughts continuing (perhaps longer then was fitte) the current of that stremme, haue made some idle houres conuert themselues into the missive Epistles betweene the vertuous *OEtania* and the licentious *Antony*, wherein although my slender skill, hath no way bin answerable to the height of your noble conceipt, that the sight of their mought breed you the least content; yet since they are done (presuming vpon your accustomed Clemency) I humbly submitt them to your fauourable censure. If you therefore who are the mo-

ther

The Dedicat.

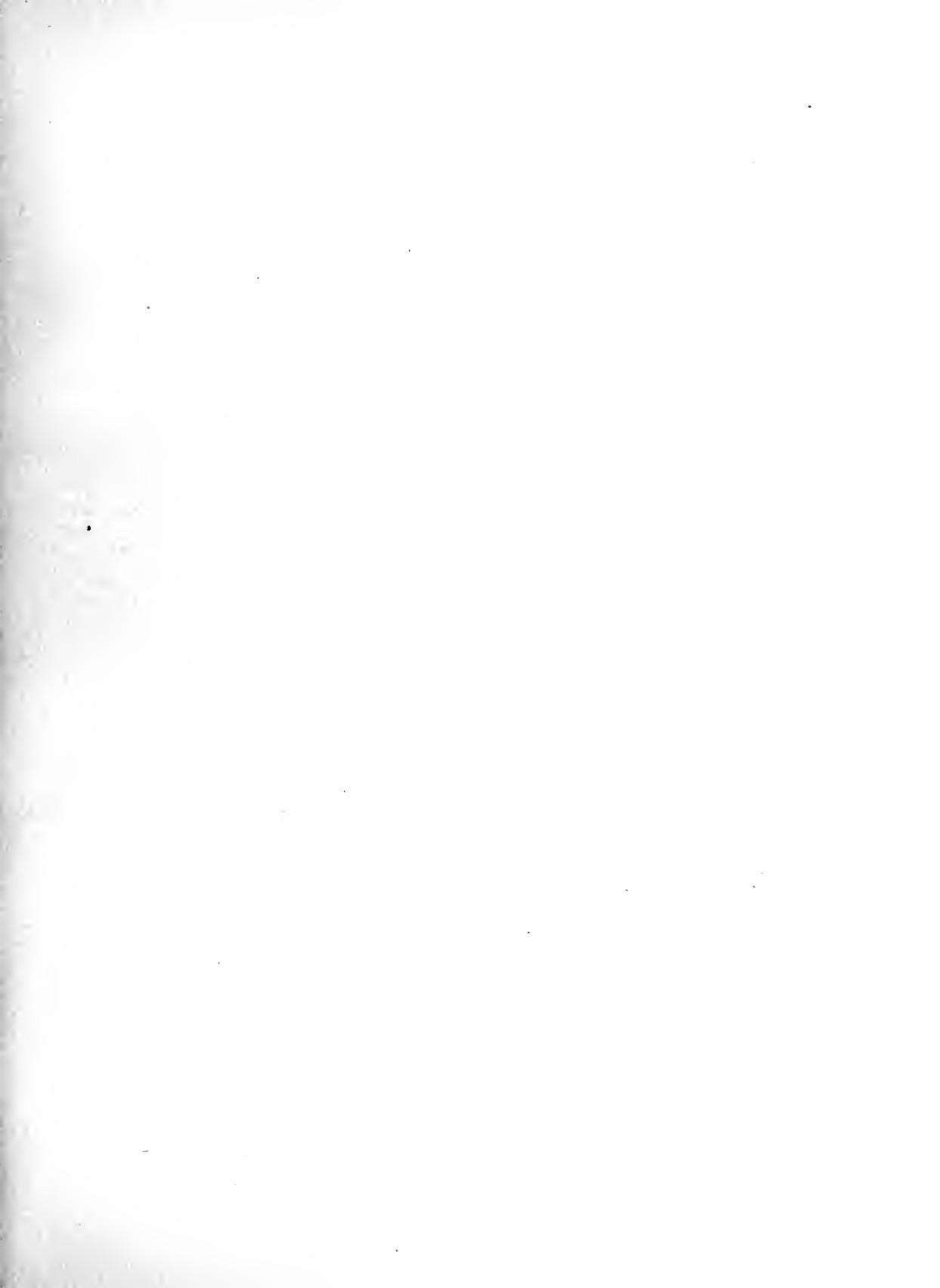
ther, or (vnder your correction, to say better, the murtherer) if concealing may bee called a murther,) of such excellent, & vertuous knowledges and perfections, as are able to register a vulgar minde in the famous roules of neuer-ending eternity, will allow the meane and humble conceiptes of others: your honor shalbe aduanced to the highest pitch of their possibility. If you will esteeme the small portion of iudgement in other men, the excellency whereof you will not acknowledge in your selfe: theyr industry shall neuer cease, to wing your fame, till it haue towred beyond the reach of death, and obliuion. Accept therefore I beseech you the memorials of this vertuous Empresse: that your worthines may indeare these worthless lynes; these lynes record her memory, her memory aduance your glory, your glory purchase all wished felicitie, and your high felicities, euer encrease till time giue place vnto eternity.

Humbly yours,
S. B.



The Argument.

Cleauia seeing the long stay of her husband Mark^e Antony with Cleopatra the Egypitian queene: And finding by often tryall, that nothing mought preuaile to recall his obstinate minde from her unlawfull loue: Intended a voyage to visite him her selfe in person. But in in the way she receaved letters from him, requiring her not to approach or come neere him, but to make her stay at Athens: Where she was at that time for that he meant without longer delay there to come unto her. She expecting his promise (as at all other times) in vaine: and finding her selfe frustrate of all hope to attaine her desire: wrieth unto him (as it may be supposed) to this effect.



Otaua to Antonius.

Now when these lines (mine owne deare Lord)
Shall first appreach thy sight,
(These lines which sorrow, feare and loue
Compel'd my hand to write)
First but behold the writers name,
Which doth thine eyes awaite,
(Her name as full of constant truth,
As thou of false deceipt)
And see if any memory,
Of her doe yet remaine,
If not, reiecht it from thine eyes,
To read it were but vaine.
From thenee (if shame will thee permit)
Proceed vnto the rest;
It is not much to view my deed,
Tough thou doe me detest.
When true relation (woe is me
That I must call it true)
Of thy most odious faithlesse,
First came vnto my view:
Euen as a man with sodaine stroke,
Oft hunders mighty force,
Which for a tyme both life and scence,
From body doth diuorce,
Bereft of motion, stands amaz'd.
With terror of the blow,
And though aliue, yet cannot tell

Where

Otaua.

Where he doe lie or no? I haue
So stood I fencelessly appalid; in
With horrour of the thing,
Whil'st now alassee, too well I finde,
Doth my destruction bring,
How faine I would not haue beleev'd,
That thou shouldest faithlesse be:
How faine I would haue made my selfe,
A lyar false for thee.
But thou art gone, fled and forsworne,
And naught may thee recall:
Thou liuet secure and tak' st no care,
What may poore me befall.
O deep dissembling faithlesse man,
That doſt me thus beguiſe,
S'daine not of her thou louedſt once,
To heare the truth a while.
Was it for this thou liedſt thofe teares,
O Crocodile vnkinde,
When lastly thou didſt part from me,
With shew of constant minde?
Did not thofe ſlowing eyes alſure,
A neuer changing louer?
Did not that perjur'd lying tongue,
Their euidence approoue?
Did not thofe ſouldier arme, embracē how man wile?
This body now despis'd?
And that diſembling heart relent,
With too much loue ſurpriz'd?
O deare Otaua (didſt thou ſay) though I be quiblind wile
Though

Otavia.

Though we must parted bee
But for a time, yet that small time
Seemes thousand yeare to me.
When I from thee shalbe remou'd,
From all ioyes I shall part:
Yet farthest when I am remou'd,
With thee shall rest my heart.
Then sweet take thou no care for me,
But sighes and teares needest:
And shortly if the heauen permit,
My safe retурne expect.
Heere would I haue replied faine,
When griefe me tongue did stay:
And al my words diuolu'd to teares,
Whiles thou didst part away,
Shall I expect him, that entends,
To see me never, then?
O deep deceipt! o fraude! o guile!
O vaine dissembling men!
What honor, worth, or honestie,
In him what pitty were,
That being mine without remorse,
Could these abuses heare?
But thou thy selfe, my Lord, to be
The agent of my paine:
O how can words but make thee know,
The grieve that I sustaine?
The golden pyllers of thy youth,
Did promise vnto me:
The building of ensuing age,

Should

Otavia.

Should better furnishit be.
How mought I but conceue, what caufe
Mought thee heereto compelle? o
Vnlesse my selfe haue beene the same,
In louing thee too well.
What beauty, pleasure, wealth, or wit,
So rare doth *Niles* breed?
But *Tyber* may therewith compare,
If not the same exceed.
Some fond affection hath bewitcht,
Thy Princely minde I feare:
O that I could my doubtful thoughts,
From such suspition cleare.
What is there no more power of force,
In vertues sacred shield:
But noble mindes must basely fall,
And to affection yeld?
Or was this sweet care-pleasing word,
But placed on thy tongue?
And never planted in thy heart,
Still nurst with poison stronge.
No such inordinate affectes,
In virtuous mindes haue place.
True noble hearts can not endure,
So mighty a disgrace.
He is no prince that subiect is, who gantryd wife
And subiect vnto sinne:
But slauē-borne witches they are calld,
Which do delight therein.
Vaine, foolish, blinde, vnapise.

G 2

Dishonest

Ottavia.

That thou so obiect art
To sell thy selfe for store of earth,
Which can no worth impart.
The basest thought that any minde,
Vpon the earth may haue:
Is seruilly to make it selfe,
To any thing a slauē.
And by how much the thing more vile,
Which doth our liking mooue:
By so much more, more obiect he,
Which therewith is in loue.
Then base earth-creeping minde adue,
Since this is thy delight:
I blame thee not though thou do blushe,
At noble honors sight.
Had *Iulius Cæsar* loued gold,
More then a noble name:
He neuer had been roylliz'd,
By such immortall fame.
The *Macedonian* monarke, whom
Æternity shall praise:
Didstain'd that any golden steps,
His glorious name shouldest raigne:
But *Mydas* purcast endless shame,
By being as thou art:
And *Cressus* for his store of gold,
Had store of bitter smart.
The gods for this doe plague vs men,
We men each other hate:
From hence, as from a fountaine, spring
Strife.

Ottavia.

Strife, murthers, and debate.
O scencelesse minde of foolish man,
Which sees not what it hath:
But wanting in excessiue store,
Continues errours path.
Thou shalt not need such store of wealth,
Thy waftage for to pay:
When thy offending soule to hell,
Olde *Charon* shall conuay.
O seeke thy wealth in vertues minces,
If thou true joyes wilt finde:
All other things vunconstant are,
And lighter then the wind.
But wanton lust procures thy fall,
And workes my world of woe:
An enemy of honest minds,
Rare vertues common foe.
What plague infernall worse then this,
Whose poysoned baite doth gaine:
Both to the body and the soule,
An euerlastinge paine.
What multitudes of soules are lost?
What Citties ouerthrownē?
What Kingdomes by licentious lust,
With ruine ouergrownē?
Let deep lamenting *Greece*, declare
Th'effect of hatefull lust:
Or that which once was called *Troy*,
Now nothing els but dust.
And had not women had the wit,

The

Ottanias

The danger to repell:
The Sabines swords had made vs feele,
The smart therof too well.
O let the bleeding memories,
Of many in like case,
Be dreadfull motiues to thy minde,
To leave this wicked race.
How canst thou censure others misse,
And yet not see thine owne:
Can wisedome ioy at others ioyes,
And see it selfe one thronwe?
O since the cause of this effect,
Is so exceeding ill:
The horrour of the thing it selfe,
With terrorr mought thee fill.
Who souuer with the like offence,
His body hath defil'd:
Of vertues dearest ornaments,
His soule was first despoli'd.
Of honor, worth and fortitude,
He lost the sacred name:
And like a coward, did subiect
Himselfe to sinne and shame.
He daies, and nights, hath wholly spent
In dronkennes and play:
By folly, and by negligence,
Hath wrought his whole decay.
Or els these cousin-germaine taines,
He haply did connect:
Bate flouthfulnes, and luxury.

Which

Ottanias

Which worke the same effect.
O fly inordinate delights,
Each pleasure hath his paine,
And he that stained is with sinne,
Cannot be cleane againe.
Let Deniz, torn vntombed corps,
Sufficiently declare,
How this fame loathsome vice doth make
Hir best attendants fare,
Dost thou not know, the sages teach,
A man should never doe:
The thing that wicked is and vile,
Nor yet consent thereto?
Though warely he did foresee,
It mought escape the light:
And be most secretly concealed,
And hid from all mens sight:
How far thou art (which shouldest excell)
From being excellent:
Do but behold and view thy selfe,
By this their presidint.
Who pub'likly haft should thy selfe
Vnto eternall shame:
And like a scencelesse bliaided man,
Perseuer'it in the same.
Or haue some other pleasures strange,
Estrang'd thy minde from me?
For (as men say) in that same court,
Great store of pleasures bee,
We want not heere our true delights,

But

Oktavia.

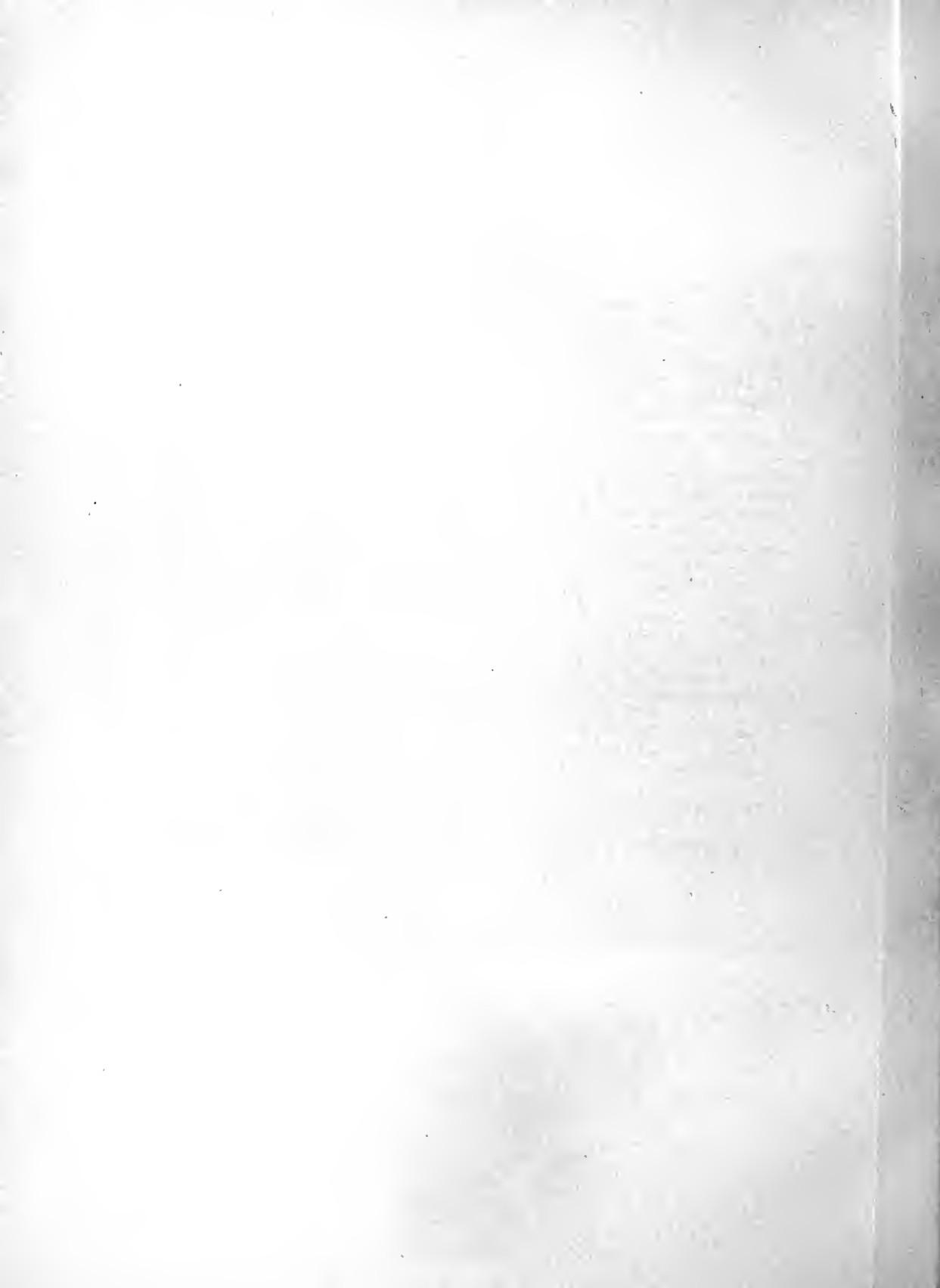
But if we had leſſe store,
Of wanton ſports: thou oughteſt not
To shame thy ſelue therefore.
Our pleaſures heere, may ſatisfie
And please each vertuous minde:
And he no ſparkle of vertue hath,
Which other ſeekes to finde.
Alluring pleaſure, ſtaine of life,
Sower miſchiefs sweeteſt roote:
By it, all noble thoughts and deeds,
Are troden vnder foote, and
A minde corruting monſter vile,
A malſeducing gueſt,
Nurſe of repentaunce, paine, and greefe,
Depryuer of ſweete reſt;
Prince haunting fiend, ſweete poſoned bayte,
False theefe of happy bliſſe;
Who ſeemēs a guide to hoped ioyes,
But leades vs full amife.
Do but recount with wiſdoms eyēs,
Thole pleaſures which are paſt,
And ſee what pleaſure, profit, gaine,
They yeeld thee now at laſt.
So when thy ill ſpent granted time,
His course hath fuli runne:
Then ſhalt thou finde thy pleaſures fled,
Hopes vaine, thy ſelue vndone.
Learne to take pleaſure in ſuch things,
Whence true ioyes may arife:
Thou canſt not do more like a prince.

Thea

Oktavia.

Then vaine things to diſprieſe:
Bring not thy ſelue, thy houſe, thy queene,
Vnto eternall flame:
In being much more then thy ſelue,
And farre leſſe then thy name.
Let no delight, make thee forget,
What beſt beſts thy ſtate:
He is no Prince, which his affeſts
Cannot predominate.
VVho for his pleaſure poſion drinkeſ,
Though mixt with things moſt ſweeteſt:
Should haue a name by my conſent,
For ſuſh a man more meete.
Or dooſt thou heere diſlike perhaps,
That *Diana* beares ſuſh ſwaye:
And ſacred vertues hoſt rights,
Haue made thee flye away.
Iſ chaſtitie ſo loathſome then
Vnto a wanton eare:
That beautie is no beautie, where
Such chaſtie deſires appear:
Can looſeneſſe, which the wiſe diſpraise,
So pleafe a noble minde:
That true nobility contein'd,
Sole pleaſures there they finde:
Then muſt I needs diſplease indeed,
And know not what to ſay:
For why the ſwive do moſt delight,
The moſt defiled pray.
The ſiluer fish, by nature doe

The



Otania.

The purest streames delight :
The stately Faulcon, midst the cloudes,
Directs his towring flight.
The Eagles seldom sit in dales,
But perch on highest hills ;
And every thing delights his like,
And natures course fulfils.
But thou leis constant then all these,
Though fare more base then they :
Instead of Christall streames, dost loue
In puddles vile to play.
Thou borne by nature to advance
Thy thoughts to honor's height ;
Dost carelessly stoope vnto shame,
And fall with thine owne waight.
Then neuer thinke, I thinkkeit strange
That thou art fled from mee :
The heauens forbid my lowest thoughts,
Should sympathize with thee.
But herein thou art wise indeed,
To hide thy selfe away :
And such as neuer have thee knowne
By falsehood to betray.
For why, assure thy selfe, all those
That do thy basenesse know :
Thy faithlesse, and perjurie,
Do much detest thee now.
The heauens will sharply punish sinne,
And fye where so thou can :
Thongh for a time they do deferre,

They

Otania.

They'l plague the periurde man,
Then view thy selfe in glasse of truthe,
And be not thus abusid :
No honor euer crownd the man,
That honesty refud'.
The nobler is the birth and place,
From whence thine honor came :
The more notorious is thy fault,
If thou debase the same.
No, tis hir wit hath thee bewitcht,
Hir sweet delighting tongue,
Which doth enchant thy wondring mind,
And makes thee stay this long.
This wit, indeed, were somthing worth,
Were wisdome ioynd thereto :
Yet not so much, that it shoulde serue
So many to vndoe.
The earth hath not a thing so rare,
Which wisdome would not fye :
Yea rather hate and much detest,
Then purchase shame thereby.
Who can soloue a spotting wif,
That it procure his fall :
His kindnesse may be ludged great,
But sure his wit is small,
Then let vs loue base *Caroline*,
For wit and noble blood :
No, loathe him rather, for his wit
Knew neuer what was good.
And let vs *Venus* likewise praise,

For

Ottavia.

For he was witty sure :
But wicked too, and therefore *Rome*
Could not his wit endure.
The more a man excels in wit,
And ill employs the same :
The more do all men him detest,
That loue a vertuous name.
Though sweetly did the *Syrens* sing,
Yet who to them gaue care?
Their message to th' *Tonian* deepes,
He presently did beare.
Or is it beauty, that doth set
Thy heart so much on fire :
And captiuate thy sensess so,
That thou canst not retire ?
The rarest beauty of the face,
Cannot enforce the wife :
With paine to purchase liuing shame,
And better things despise,
Nor are the fayrest alwayes found,
The best, (as I suppose)
Some noysome flowers, do seeme as faire,
As doth the fragrant Rose.
That wonder-breeding beauty sure,
Which thou dost so esteeme:
Shall come to nothing at the last,
As first it was I deeme.
The Rose and Lyllie cannot long
Content and please, the sightes
No goulden day could euer escape,

The

Ottavia.

The darke ensuing night,
Proude time will burie beauties youth,
In furrowes of decaye :
Wert thou ten thousand times a prince,
Thou canst not force it stay.
All these fond pleasures (if fond things
Destrue so good a name)
Should not seduce a noble minde,
To staine it selfe with shame.
The time shall come, when all these same,
Which seeme so riche with ioy :
Like tyrants shall torment thy minde,
And vex thee with annoy.
When all those honye-tongued mates,
Can but weepe and lament :
That they by force, must part from thee,
Whose vitall course is spent.
When all thy greatnesse must be left,
To such as shall succeed :
When sweetest pleasures memory,
Most dreadfull thoughts shall breed ;
When this so much desired Sunne,
Shall but displease thy sight :
And all things else shall seeme to want,
The taste of sweete delight.
When all the creatures of the earth,
Cannot procure thine ease :
And friends, with shrowres of vaine-shed teares,
Cannot thy greefe appease.
When tyranizing paine, shall stop

The



Ostania.

The passage of thy breath:
And thee compell to sware thy selfe,
True seruant vnto death.
Then shall one vertuous deed impart
More pleasure to thy minde:
Then all the treasures on earth,
Ambitious thoughts can finde:
The well-spent time of one short day,
One hower, one moment then:
Shall be more sweet, then all the ioyes
Amongst vs mortall men.
Then shalt thou finde but one refuge,
Which comfort can retaine:
A guiltlesse conscience pure and cleare,
From touch of sinfull staine:
Then shall thine inward eyes behould
The loathsome path of sinne:
And thy proud heart repine in vaine,
That thou haft walke therid.
Then shall Ostanias wrongs appear,
Like monsters to thine eyes:
And thou shalt curse the time, and day,
That thou didst me despise.
Then shall my sighes, and teares, enflame
A bonefire in thy minde:
And thou thy selfe, thy selfe shalt loathe,
For being thus vnkinde.
At thy right hand, my wronged ghoast,
Shall iust complaints renue,
And on thy left, that queene shall shew

What

Ostania.

What hath been wrought by you.
Aboue thy head, thine eyes shall see
The heauens to justice bent:
Below thy feete, the pit of hell,
Ordain'd for punishment.
Ah poore Antonia how wilt thou,
Abhorre thy wretched state:
And most entirly then repent,
But then t'will be too late.
But thou great Empetour dost disclaine
Such sharpe rebukes to finde:
For pietie, and pittie both,
Are strangers to thy minde.
Thy braue heroick thoughts do scorne
To stoope to these conceipts:
To humble for such high resolues,
As honors praise awaights.
Then great Herculan, worthy prince,
What Troyhes may we raze,
To equall these thy great desigues
And manifest thy praise.
Who may enough augment thy fame,
To answere thy deserfe:
Who doost attempt with perury,
To breake a womans heart:
A glory great, a conquest fit,
For such as faithlesse be:
For in thy deeds, the world may view,
The worthe that is in thee.
More then a man thou wouldst be thought,

H.

And

Otanias

And shouldest indeed be so :
But let thy deeds more manly bee,
Or els that name forgoe.
That man which seemes a man in shew,
And is not such a one :
Deserves another name by right,
For he by right is none.
O do not thinke a womans death,
Can much endear thy name :
But thinke how this vnmanly deed,
Will worke thine endlesse shame.
What man, that were a man indeed,
(Much lesse a Prince) would see
His wife, and Queen, a spectacle,
Of greefe and miserie?
Would to the pittie of the world,
And to all wondring eyer,
My constant louing minde refect :
And guiltlesse me despise.
Would such vnaessant stremes of teare,
Draw from these restlesse springs :
And loade my heart with endlesse greefe,
Which vter ruine brings.
But hide thy head and all is well,
Thy faults cannot be spied :
No, thou must know the beauers are iust,
And must their sentence bide.
When all those powers which thou hast wronged,
Shall punishment require :
How canst thou wretch be halfe inough,

To

Otanias

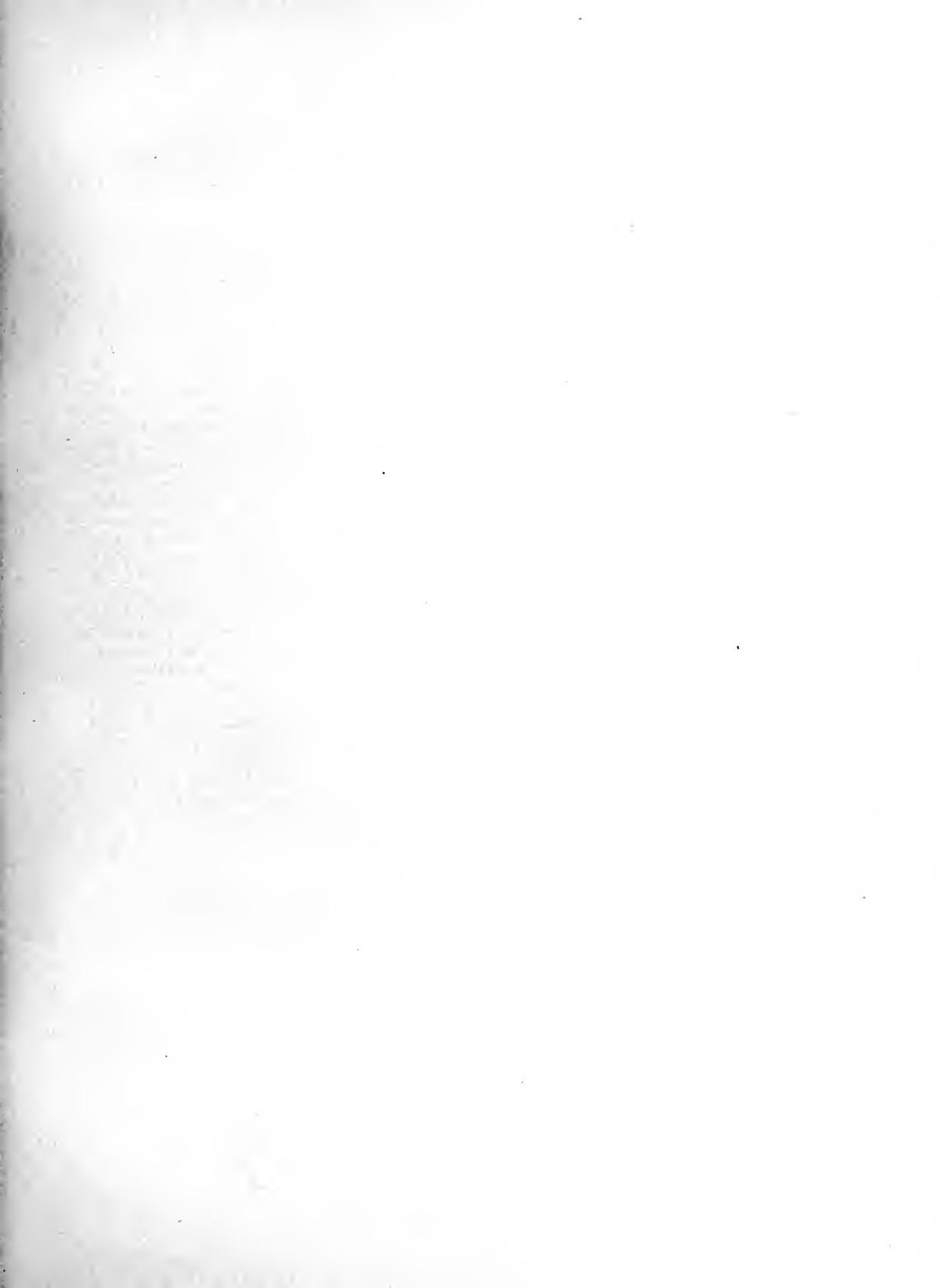
To satisfie their iest, and merriment, I will be so :
How canst thou ever hope to pay them againe ?
The forfait of thy malice, and sinnes, I knowe to be
Vvhen powerfull lustes shall bring you, is rigord :
The iust revenge of thine enimies, is rigord :
Vvwhich makes me pitie more thy state, and woe :
Then greeue at mine owne wrongs, I soule to be :
To thinke how he whom I haue loued, is fayld :
Shall plagued be ere longe his owne world :
Yer know, though I detest thy fault, yet comdeth
I beare thee no ill will :
For if Antonius will returne,
He shall be loued still, and haue no ill will.

To which she receiveth him answerlyng her selfe

following

Antonius to Octania

Amongst the madnesnes of woe,
Which do my soule entrappe, and entangle ?
Thy drefull phisick, O Dame, whereof I haue
Presented to mine eyen, and to my herte I will be :
O heauens ! how etilly haue you set, to boord alight
Your still repugnant starre, and evyn the daies in heare :
Which crooky, erronely, byned life, doth alwaies
With mortall ciuill warres, and a vaines distret
I see, and know, that taketh much, from me misericord :
Which thou doft heare obiect, and sayd in entere :
I see thou rightly call-est that wrong, newtred, and
Whiche I may not correct, and al moil oblige :
M. 2. I haue





Antony.

I finde my selfe engulf'd in greefe,
Entrapt in mischiefes power :
Yet cannot I auoide the storme,
Though it my life deuoure.
Of force my heart must condiscend,
To what thou dost require :
Yet cannot I performe the thing,
Which is thy chiefe desire.
I know the safe, and perfect way,
Which reason saith is best :
Yet willingly I follow that,
Which wisdom liketh least.
What reason will, that same would I,
And wisdom would so too :
But some thing greater then vs all,
Will not consent thereto.
That time, that day, those lookes, those words,
Are yet fresh in my minde :
When my departure, martiall greefe,
Vnto vs both assign'd :
Those teares, I yet remember well,
Whiles I did thee embrace :
Those sedent silent speaking lookes,
Plac'd in each others face.
My words which true loue did endire,
And faith confirme the same :
(For constant truth did at that time,
Secure my thoughts from blame.)
My heart was free from thought of change,
My minde from false entent :

I scornd

Antony.

I scornd a false dissembling worde,
And nought but truthe I meant :
But since mine eyes enricht their sight,
With Cleopatraes face :
My thoughts another object found,
My heart another place :
Which object so allur'd my minde,
With rauishing delights :
That wanting her, I thought each day,
An endlesse tedious night :
My very thoughts fram'd all my wrothes,
To Cleopatraes name :
Yea, when most great affaires withdrew,
My fancie from the same :
Mine eyes were blinde, mine eares were deaf,
My minde did scencelesse proues :
But when they saw, heard, or perceiu'd,
Hir face, hir name, hir loue :
No pleasures could my fancie please,
No mirth it selfe endear :
Wherein th'idea of his face,
Did not to me appear :
What reasons let, I vnapprou'd,
What counfailes force / to breake :
The sweete captiuing band of loue,
But all I found too weake :
He is deceiu'd, that thinks to finde,
A countermine in loue :
And woe is me, that speaking this,
I speake but what I proue.

H 3

Thus

Antony.

Thus I my selfe the agent made,
And traytor of my blisse i lorum and algea bia
Can never hope to contradict, apperit in sooth and
Or to encounter this.
But though my yeelding heart as then, rygordy M
Thy true loue did detaine, valyndam and vbi
That deed of mine a greater powre, ffor to thin V
By force reuokes againe. And thys gudly daw
And those trybrellung sages teach, guynam and T
That euer motion small, in meake or stolbe na
Is by a greater overcomyd, than euylis vysry M
Or hindred therewithall. remane and vysry O o T
O then, thought reason, reason be, from nadye, o T
Yet must it condiscend: reme and mon esent vba
And yeeld to thy, against whose force conyngem
It cannot vs defend, vsoyng shewyngh vba
And neuer me to sharply blame, wyl yath edw vnt
As actor of this ill: reme and vysry O o T
Tis not *Antonys* blis, the heauens, reuyslyng vba
Which do withstand thy will, vbltis dñe: o T
And what the heauens do force vs to, vbltis dñe: o T
We may not disobay: reme and vysry O o T
When their decess are on gevoud, vbltis dñe: o T
O who may then say ay, vbltis dñe: o T
These mouing stas which we behoude, vbltis dñe: o T
Our mindes do rule and gide, vbltis dñe: o T
And looke what course they let vs in, vbltis dñe: o T
Therein must we abide. vbltis dñe: o T
This sparke of reason is not oure, vbltis dñe: o T
But lent vs from aboue, vbltis dñe: o T

The

Antony.

The Gods do giue and take the same,
They make vs loathe and loue.

Then deare, why shouldest thou so vpbraid
And sharply reprehend:

Thy *Antony*: for such a faule

As he may not amend,

If in my heart I did thee hate,

Then were I worthy blame;

But I haue euer lou'd thee well,

Who well deseruedst the same.

And though I cannot thee afford,

The dearest of my heart:

Yet needst thou not thus to complaine,

Who hast so large a part.

No day, no night, their positing course,

So speedily could frame:

But they beheld, my thoughts, returne

Due homage to thy name,

When bloody tesser, danger, death,

Vpon me did lay hould:

Thy memory reui'd my minde,

And made my courage bold:

No not a thousand fiered assaults,

And perils many moe:

Could euer force my louing heart,

Ottania to forgoe.

But tyrant loue, me from my selfe,

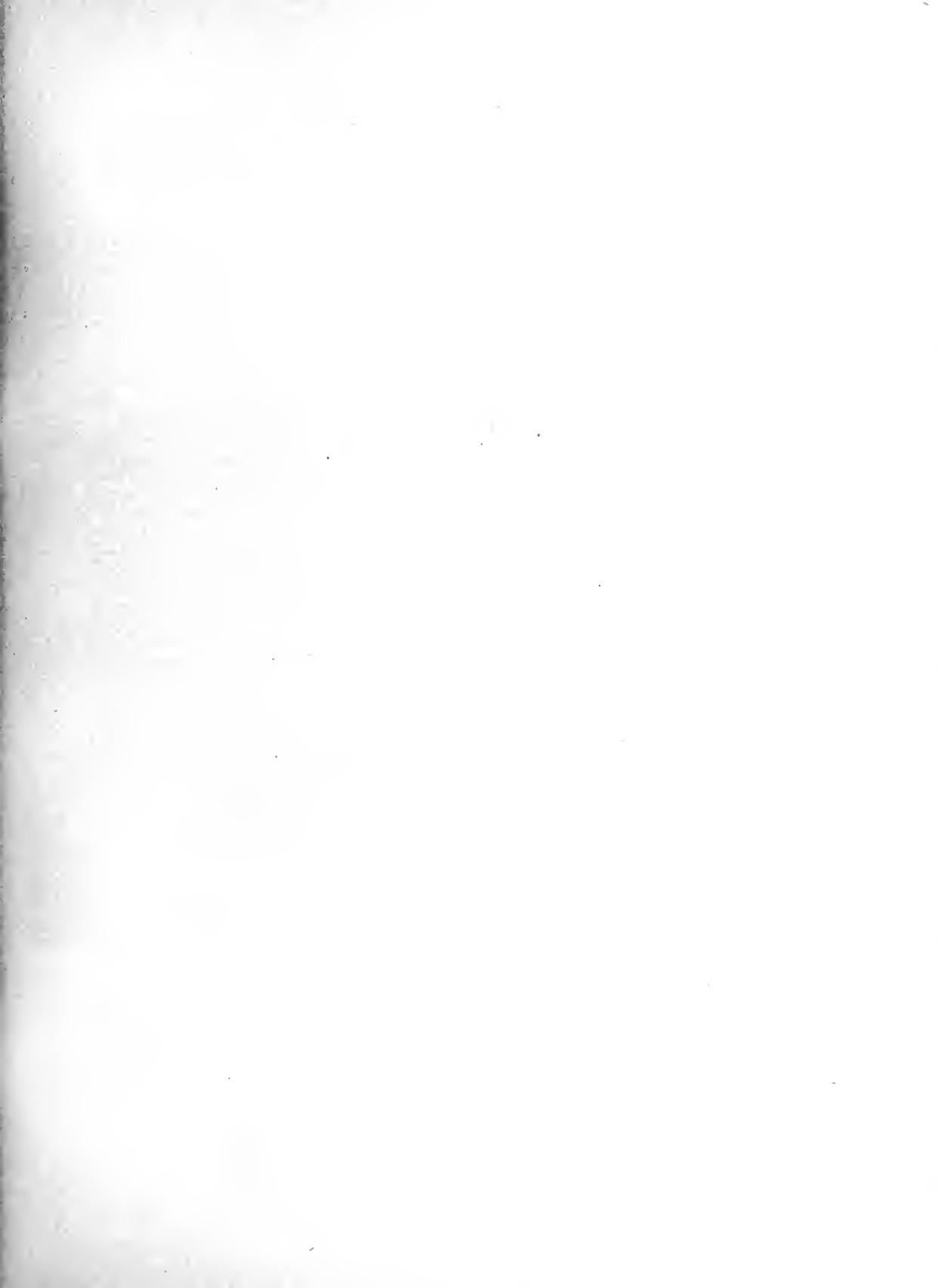
And from my Queen doth steale:

And pardon me though I perhaps,

Too great a fault reuele.

H 4

And



Antony.

And pardon needs I must obtaine,
If this so much offend: For heere my loue did first begin,
For heere my life must end.
And heere my selfe must bate,
Heere will I shew, Læsijher am
Vnconstant, nor vnkinde:
For Cleopatra whiles I liue,
Shall me most constant finde,
Why am I call'd an Emperor?
If I should subiect be:
And be compeld to loue the thing
VVhich most delighteth me:
No deare O Haua, thy request
Can neuer be fulfilled:
Let Gods be Gods and Kings be Kings,
For none but cowards yeeld:
VVhere she as *Rome*, when she lodg'd
Hir vnkowne greatest guest,
VVhere she a Lyon, Lyber, VVolfe,
Or some worse fauadge beast,
VVhere she a furie, osyhat else,
VVhose presence glads my heart,
And to my rauish'd captiuall soul,
Such sweetnesse doth impart:
I would exceede *Caesar*, *Augustus*, *Julius*,
And give the machine round,
And all the treasures, wealth, and store,
Which therein may be found:
I would from parents, children, friends,
My dearest thoughts remoue.

Surrender

Antony.

Suruender scepter, kingdome, crowne,
For to enjoy my loue:
And by my bountie, truth and zeale,
The erring world should see:
No base, or seruile, scorned thought,
Had euer place in me,
I would disdaine a monark should,
But equall my desire:
My constant faith should farre exceed,
The height of all aspire,
They do but blow the coales of hate,
Whiche my desigues improue:
If euer fault may pardon get,
O pardon faulty loue.
I grant, I were a monster vile,
Vnworthy of my life:
If I should hate, or thee disdaine,
Who wast my spouse and wife,
But Cleopatraes deare loue,
In me doth bearre such sway:
That I envy or malice none,
So I may her enjoy.
And say not, tis a shamefull thing
To loue a stranger so:
For loue I must, and loue I will,
Though all the world say no:
The gods I hope wil not be mou'd,
Such sharp revenge to take:
On those which erre, but in such faults,
As they themselues did make.

Were

Antony.

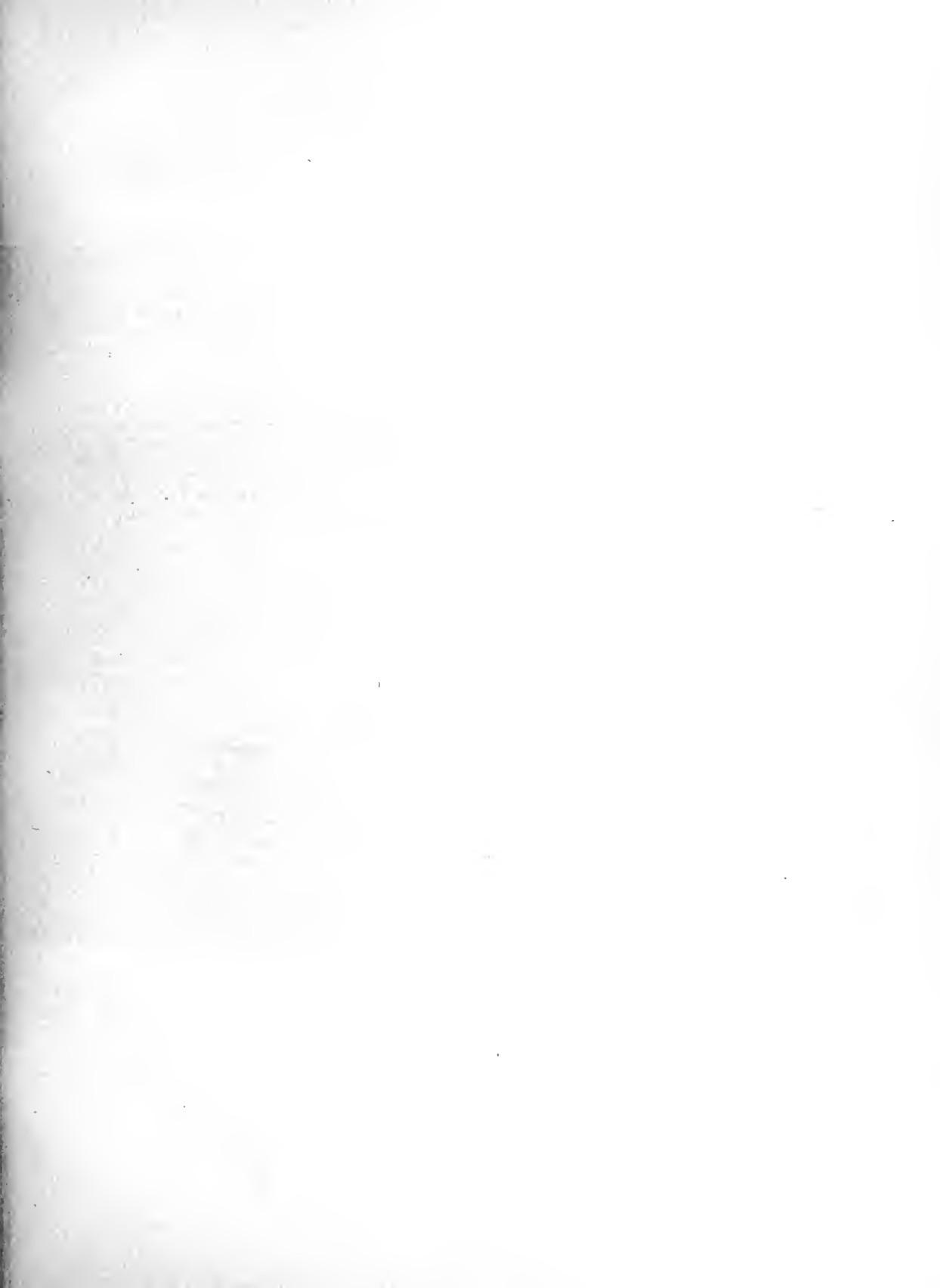
Were it dishonor to be kinde,
To thote we best esteeme:
Great *Iose* himfelfe could not be free,
From such disgrace(I deeme).
That monster quelling *Hercules*,
Should haue been called base:
When his victorious conquering armes,
Did *Omphale* imbrace.
No, I dislaine, the brauest minde
That drawes this vitall breath:
Should thinke me base, who haue condemn'd
The very face of death.
Tis rather base, to be compel'd
To that we fancy least:
O why am I a Prince, if not
To doe as likes me best?
Suppose within my seded minde,
There could be such a thought:
That to consent to thy request,
I haply mought be brought.
Would not the Princesse of my soule,
My *Cleopatra*, pay
The largest tribute of her life,
Her *antony* to stay?
Are not her words, her sighes, her teares,
Most precious to my heart?
Doth not her face, her tongue, her wit,
My soules delight impart?
How then can I (vnhappy man)
My selfe so well dispole:

As

Antony.

As mought content and please you both,
Who both your selues oppole:
No *Hercules* can this personne,
No *Sphynx* this doubt excluder,
Yet thus I fully am resolu'd,
And thus I doe conclude,
The knot which cannot be vndone,
In sunder thus I strike:
Heere will I liue, heere will I bide,
And loue you both alike.
Let *Caesar* fight, *Ottawas* stroake,
Let children walle and weep:
Thus I resolute, and thus I vow,
Which vow ile firmly keepe,
And if your mallice, and perhaps
My fortune, doe procure
That all my words and deede, the worst
Construction must endure:
My constant truthe, and minde resolu'd,
That worst must needs abid:
For why from this well grounded loue,
My heart shall never slide,
Thou all things truly seest indeed,
But never spyeſt the wound:
By which my sweete affeſting thoughts,
Their endleſſe thralldome found,
By which my prayer ſcorning heart,
Is brought to condicend:
To which that this my chiefe deſire, which can neuer da
Mought not too much offend:

Aske,



Antony.

Aske, take, assume all that you list,
Performe your hearts desire:
So that you neither her from me,
Nor me from her require,
While I my Cleopatra may,
Betweene these armes entold:
I enuy not great Cressus wealth,
Nor Midas store of gold.
But if vneuitable fate,
Her presence should deny:
Though all the world were mine besides,
With penury I dye.
Nor let it seeme so passing strange,
That I cannot be moued,
By thy entreaty to forgoe,
The thing so much beloued.
Through thine owne heart, do but behold
And see how small auaire:
Perswasions, reasons, words, and wits,
Affectiones force to quale,
If none of those can take effect,
To winne thy loue from me.
Why shouldest thou think that frome this Queene,
I can diuorced bee?
Sith wisdome then can never shew,
It selfe more wisely sure:
Then to forgoe that thing with ease,
Which paine cannot procure.
Ah striue not thus aginst the stremes,
But dry thy tears againe,

Fox

Antony.

For to perswade me booteles is,
To force me is more vaine.
Though al the world shoule me withstand,
I will not be withheld,
A Prince dislikes to be gaine-said,
But scornes to be compel'd.
And it may be (for who can tel,
What absence may procure)
That faire O'Banis never could,
So long time chaste endure.
Ah, can I thinke in such excesse,
Of liberty and store,
Of Ceres, Bacchus, and what els,
May be desired more.
Amongst so many tedious daies,
And nights, of great disport,
Amongst such braue heroicke Lords,
As to that Court refert,
That thy vnMOVED minde, can be
So tyed to Venus rightes,
But that sometimes it will consent,
To Venus sweet delights?
Can that faire face, which in all hearts
Doth high affection moue:
Resist so many strong attempts,
As will assault thy loue?
No, no, they are not alwaies true,
Which doe most truely speake:
If it were so, how then am I,
More then a woman weake?

And

Antony.

And yet my conscience doth dissent,
And plainly this deny:
And yet suspition doth maintaine,
It cannot be a lye.
O how can he be euer brought,
To thinke another true:
Who through the guylt of his owne minde,
The others life doth view?
And shold I then returne to Roome,
Mine honor thus to foile?
No, rather let me finde a tombe,
In any forraigne soyle.
And since thou knowest (O too too well)
Antonius high disgrace:
He must provide of all the world,
Not to beholde thy face.
Thy face the lecture of his misse,
The mirour of his shame:
The euer wounding rod, and spur
Of my eclipsed fame.
The disproportion of our thoughts,
Could never well agree:
Thou still shouldest hate my faithlesnesse,
I blush thy truth to see.
A fault doth never with remorse,
Our mindes so deeply moue:
As when anothers guiltlesse life,
Our errour doth reprove.
But be it, that from all those doubts,
I could my minde set free:

Yet

Antony.

Yet whiles ambitious *Cesar* liues,
I may not come to thee.
Let all the world perswasions vse,
And their best counsell giue:
For me, I will be drawne,
In dangers mouth to lieue.
I cannot brooke, another should,
Be mightier then I:
An equall in th' imperiall seate,
My heart doth much enuy.
And who so simple, that will looke
For faith or truth in those:
Whose faulthnes may hap to gaine,
Whose truth a crowne must loose.
There is no truth in such, whose hearts,
An Empire doe affect:
Competitors may talke of truth,
But doe all truth neglect.
And be it, that we could agree
Which hath been seldoine knowne:
Yet still in time, from priuate grudge,
Such quarrels great haue growne.
Such bloudy deeds, such strife, debate,
Such outrage, smurther, death:
That words, and oathes and al, haue prou'd
But vaine dissembling breath.
No nature, reason, counsell, wit,
Ambition can constraine,
To hold vnuiolable truth:
Or conscience to detaine.

Po





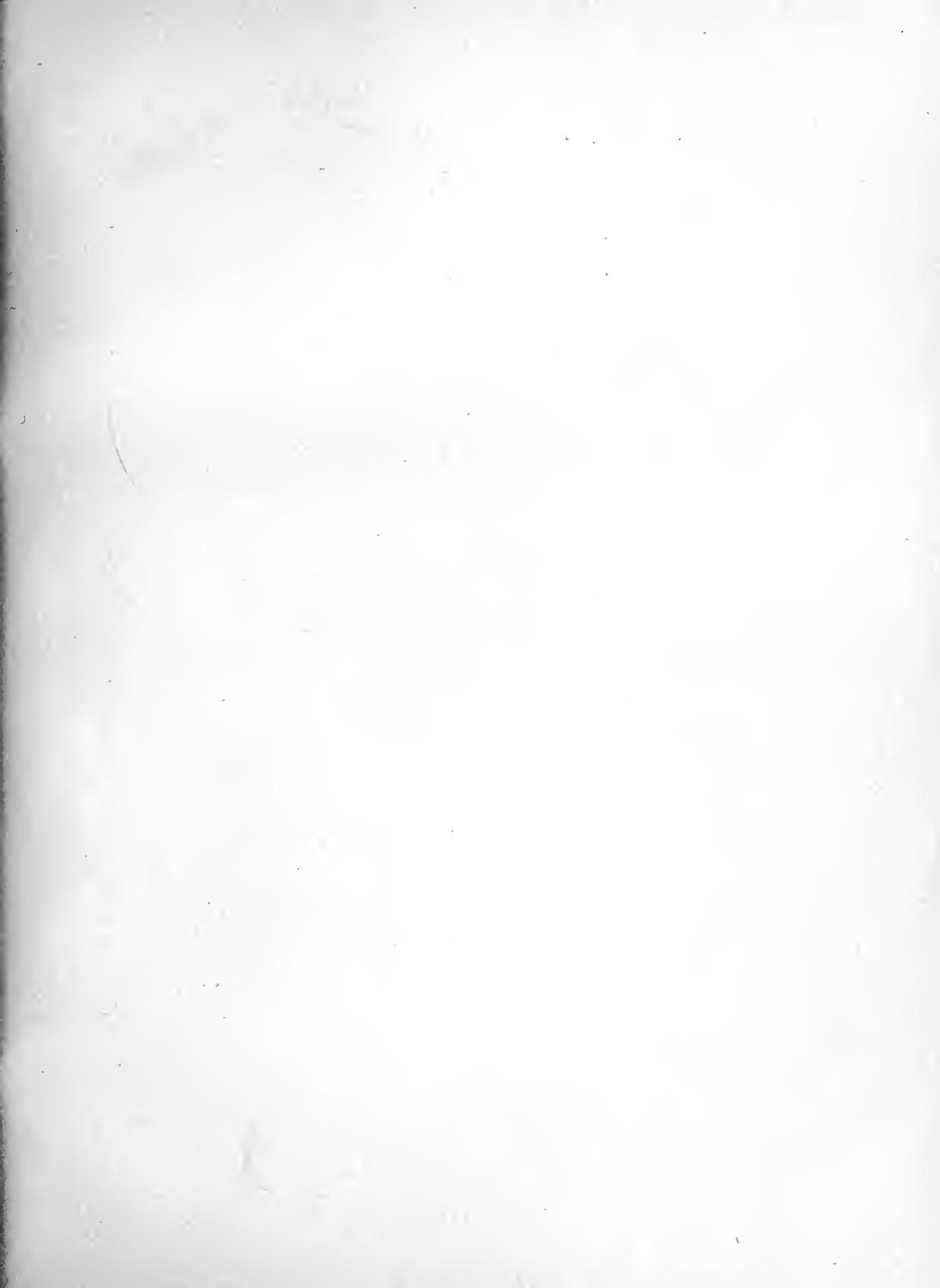
Antony.

Pale feare,mistrust,ynlook'd for chance,
And fortunes dyreful frownes.
Most deep suspect, and twisit reuenge,
Attendant are on crownes.
Not that I dread or stand in feare,
What Caesar can procure,
But that this absence better mought,
My safety asecure.
And it may hap(for none can tel)
In time what may be wrought:
Since vnxpected chaunce, thy loue
To Cleopatra brought.
So happy tim'e, so good an hower,
For thee may hap to fall:
Which may my loue and fancy backe
From her againe recall.
In hope whereof, O *Caesar* must
Her sighes and teares supprese:
Vntill *Antonius* finde the meane,
These errors to redresse.

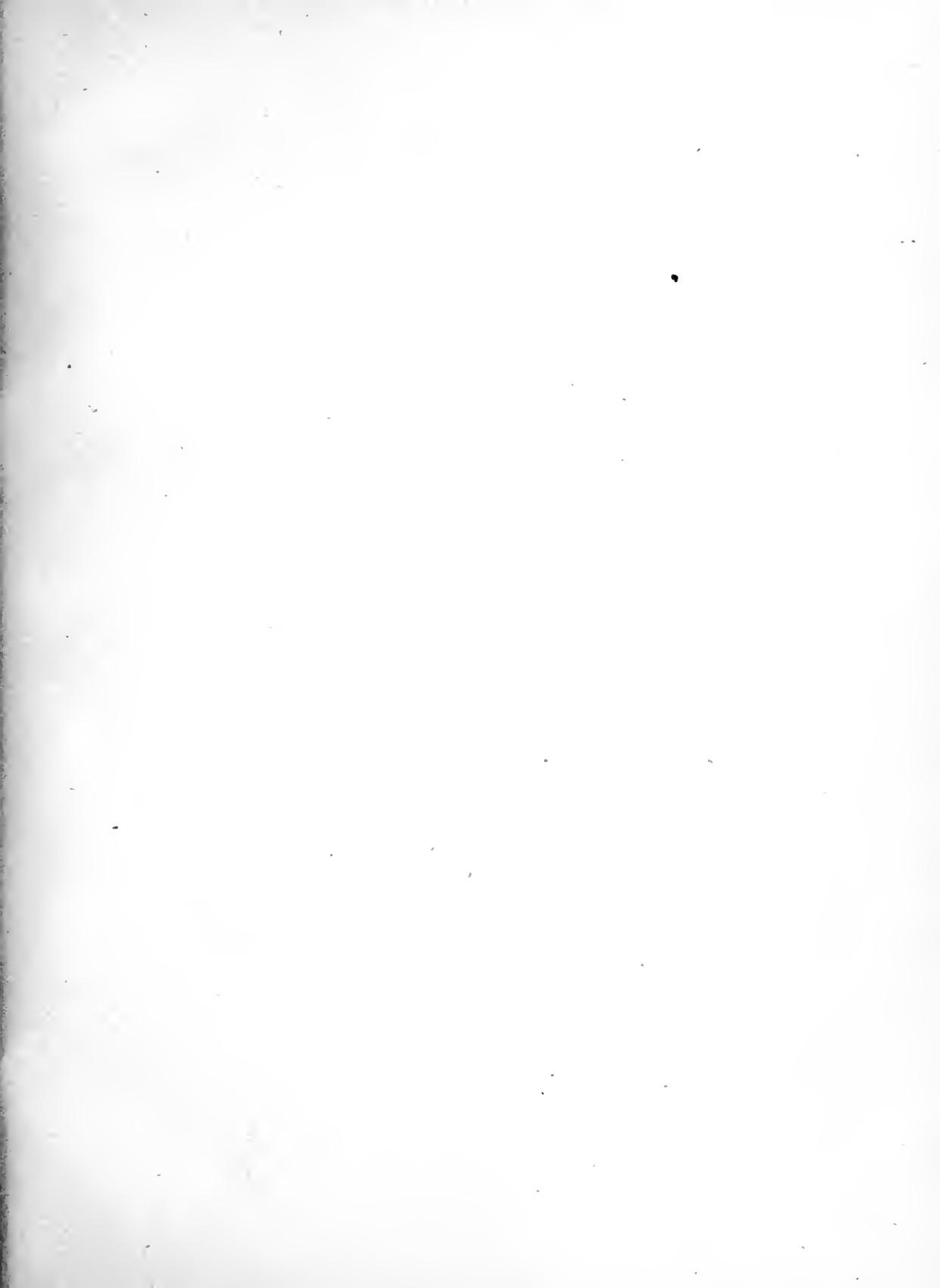
FINIS.

Errata.

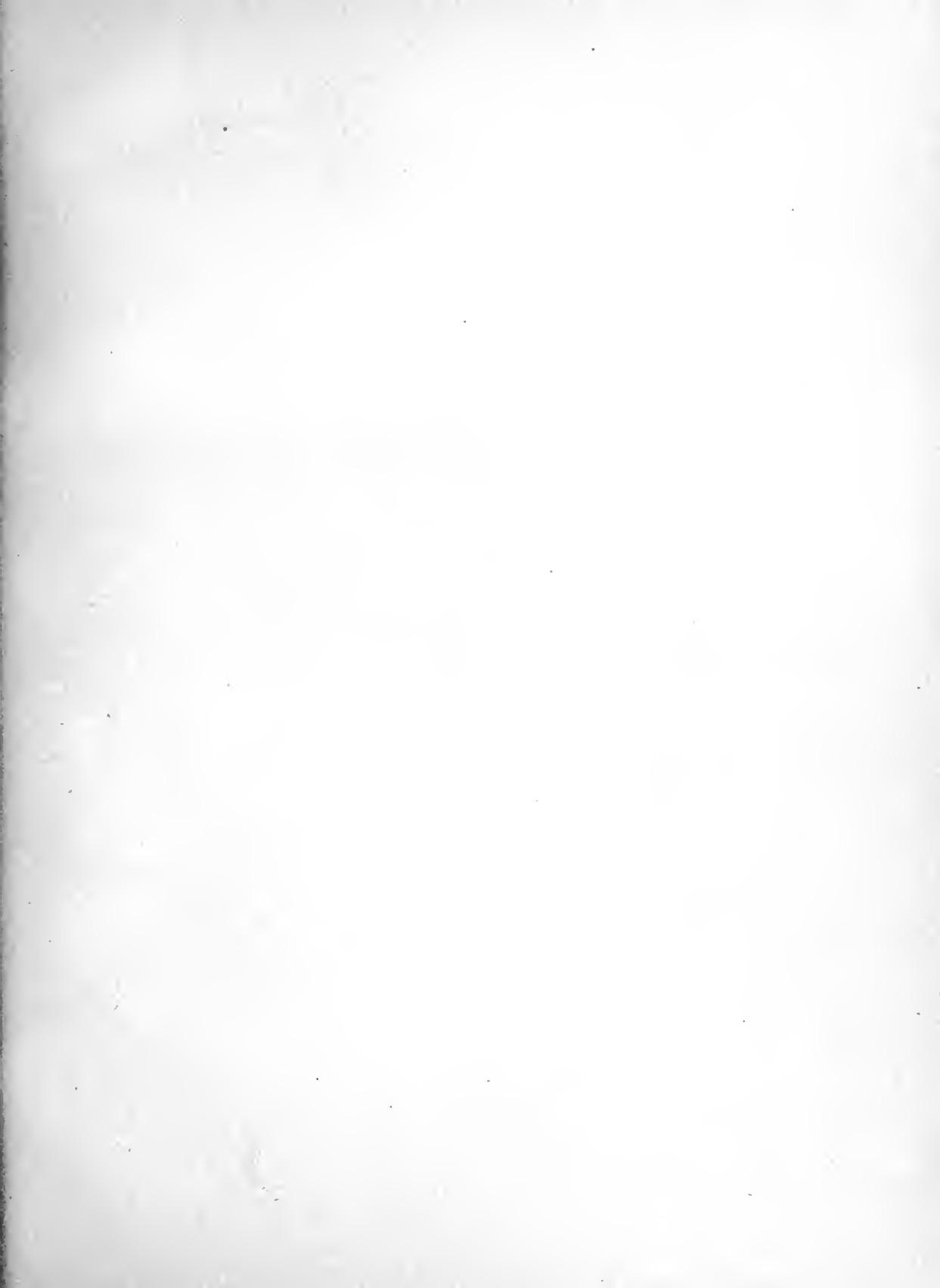
- Act.2,pag.3,lines.8,for highest read highnes.
Act.2,pag.22.line 8,for frowardnes read forwardnes.
Act.3,pag.4.line 1,for acribe read assigne.
Epist.1,pag.1.line 16,for Tough read Though.



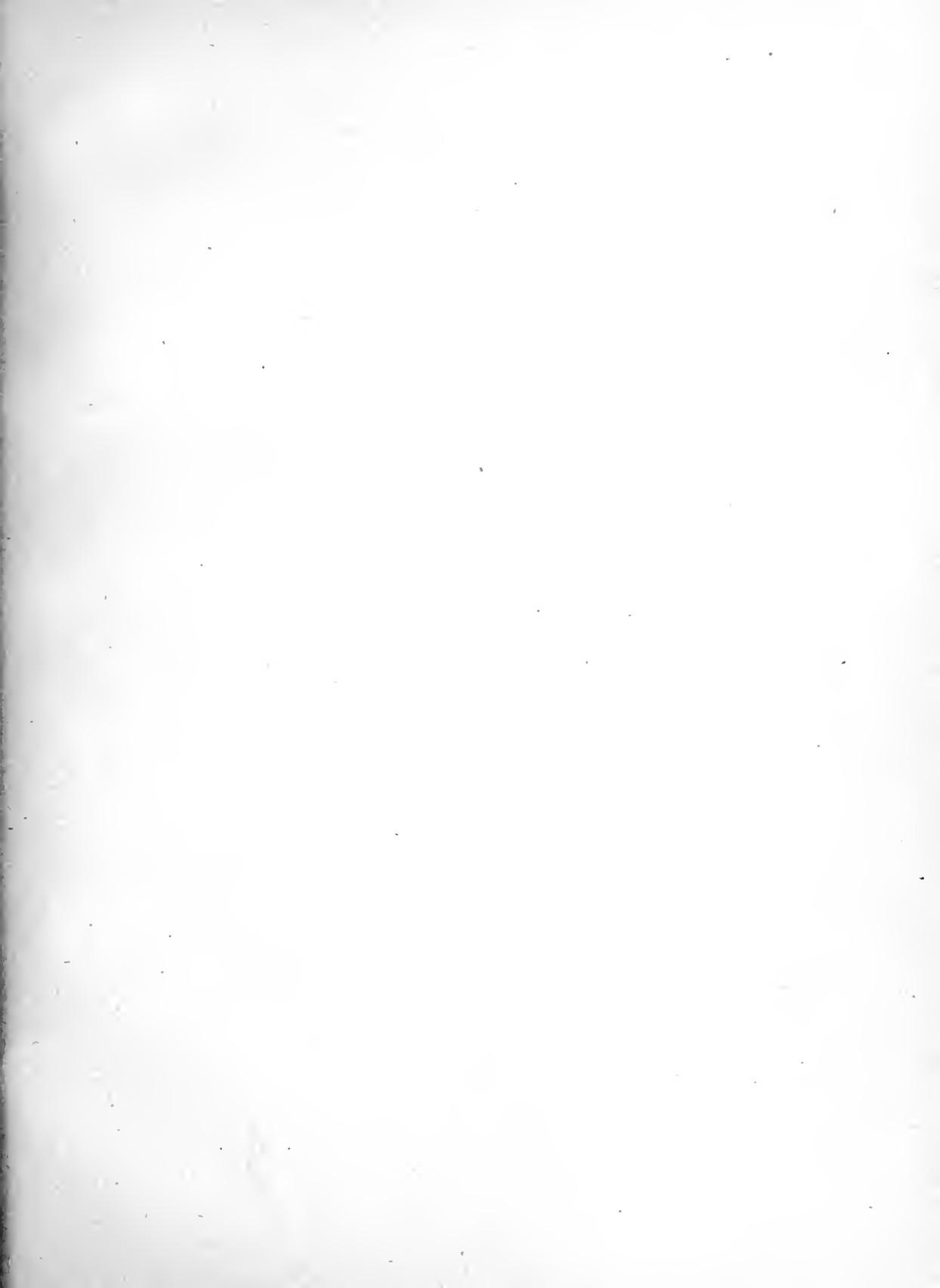




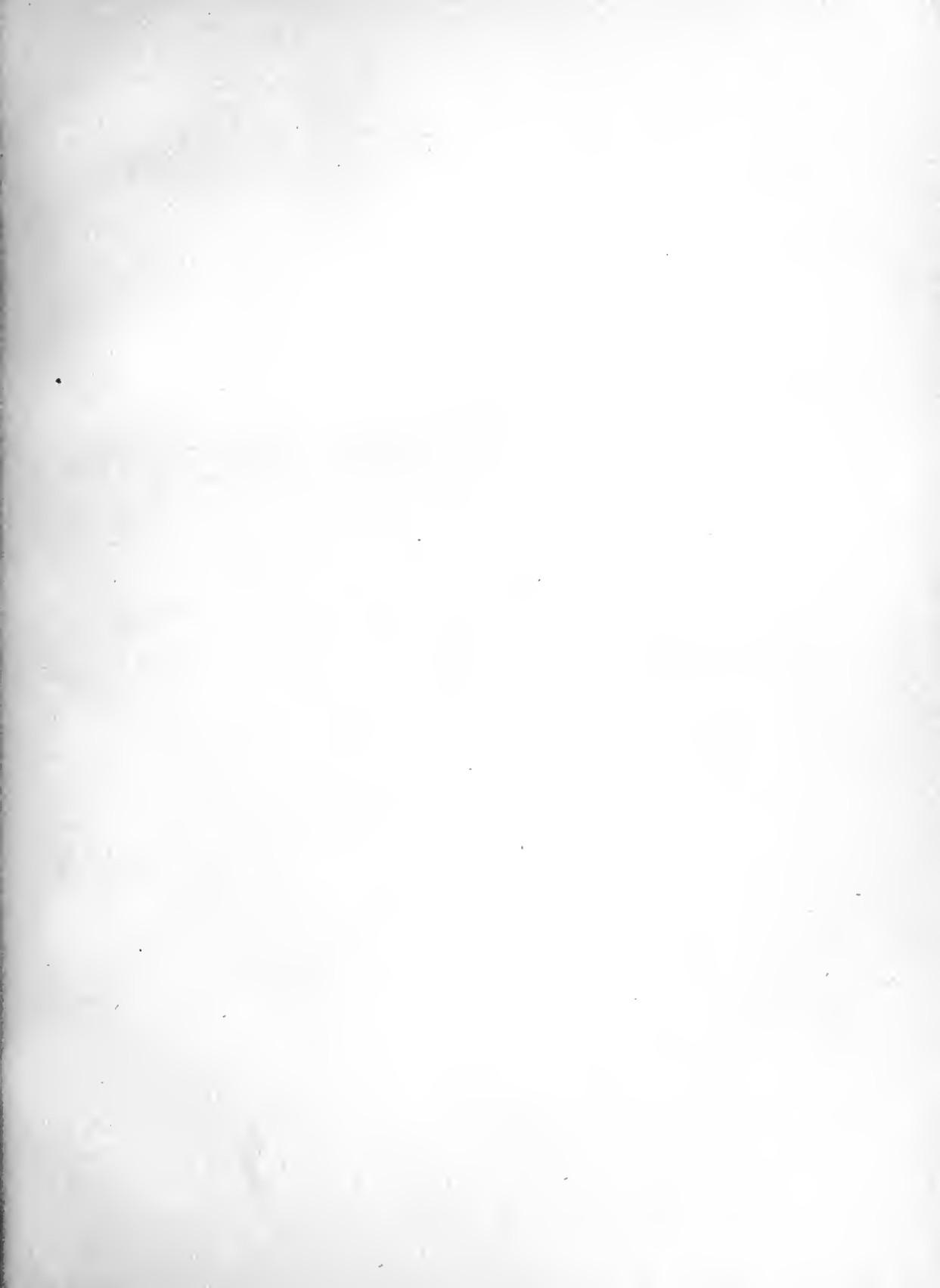








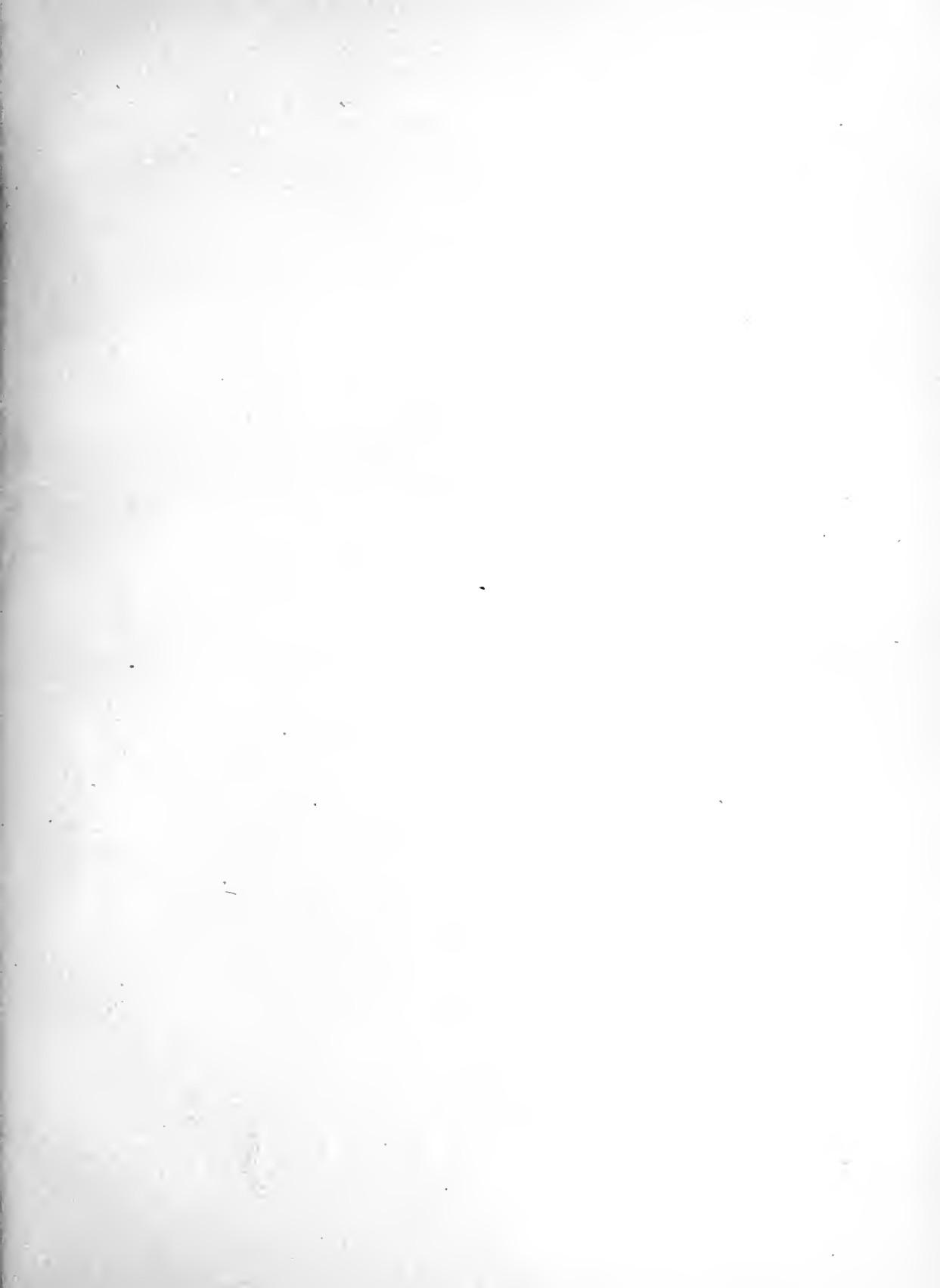












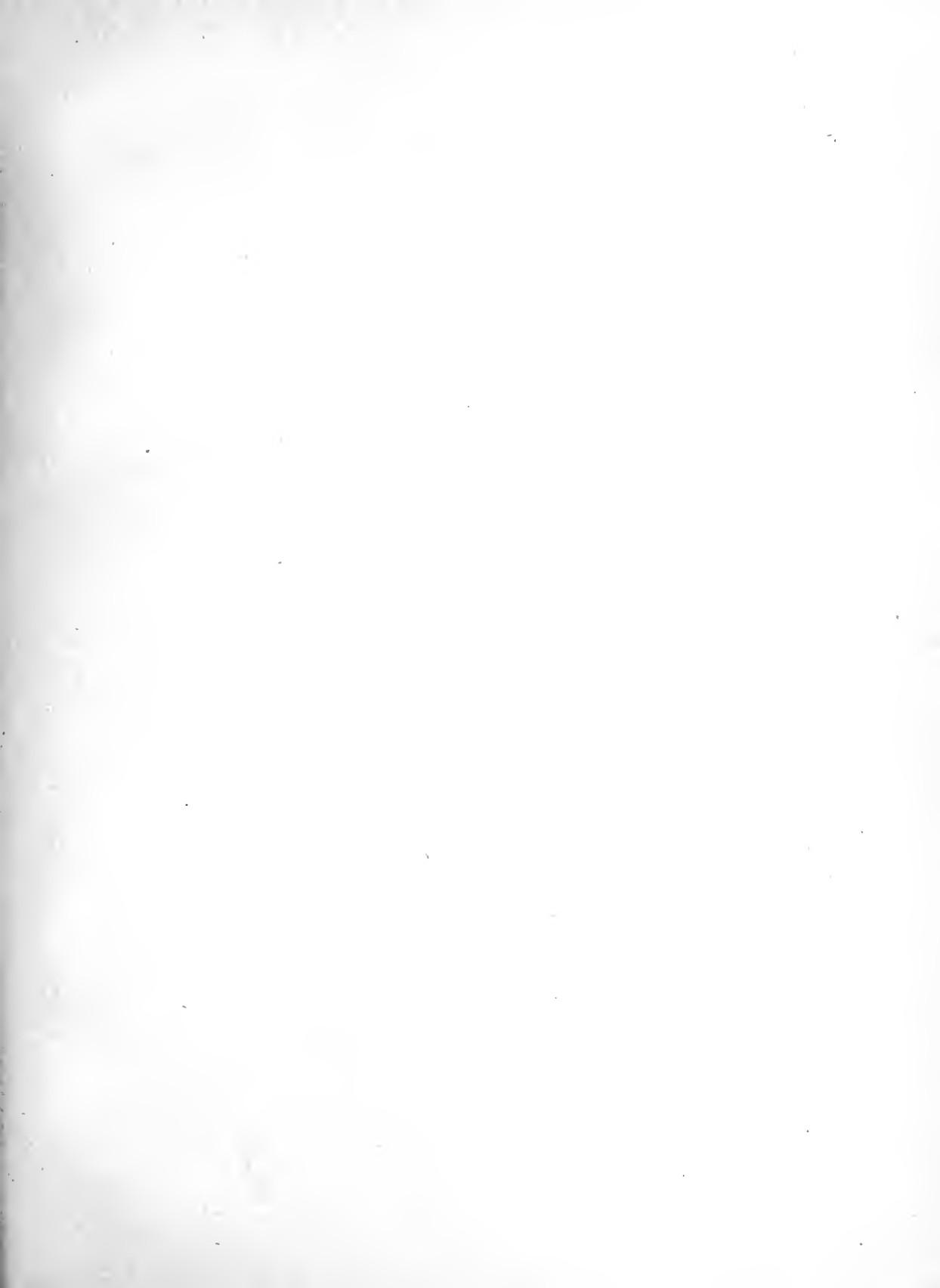


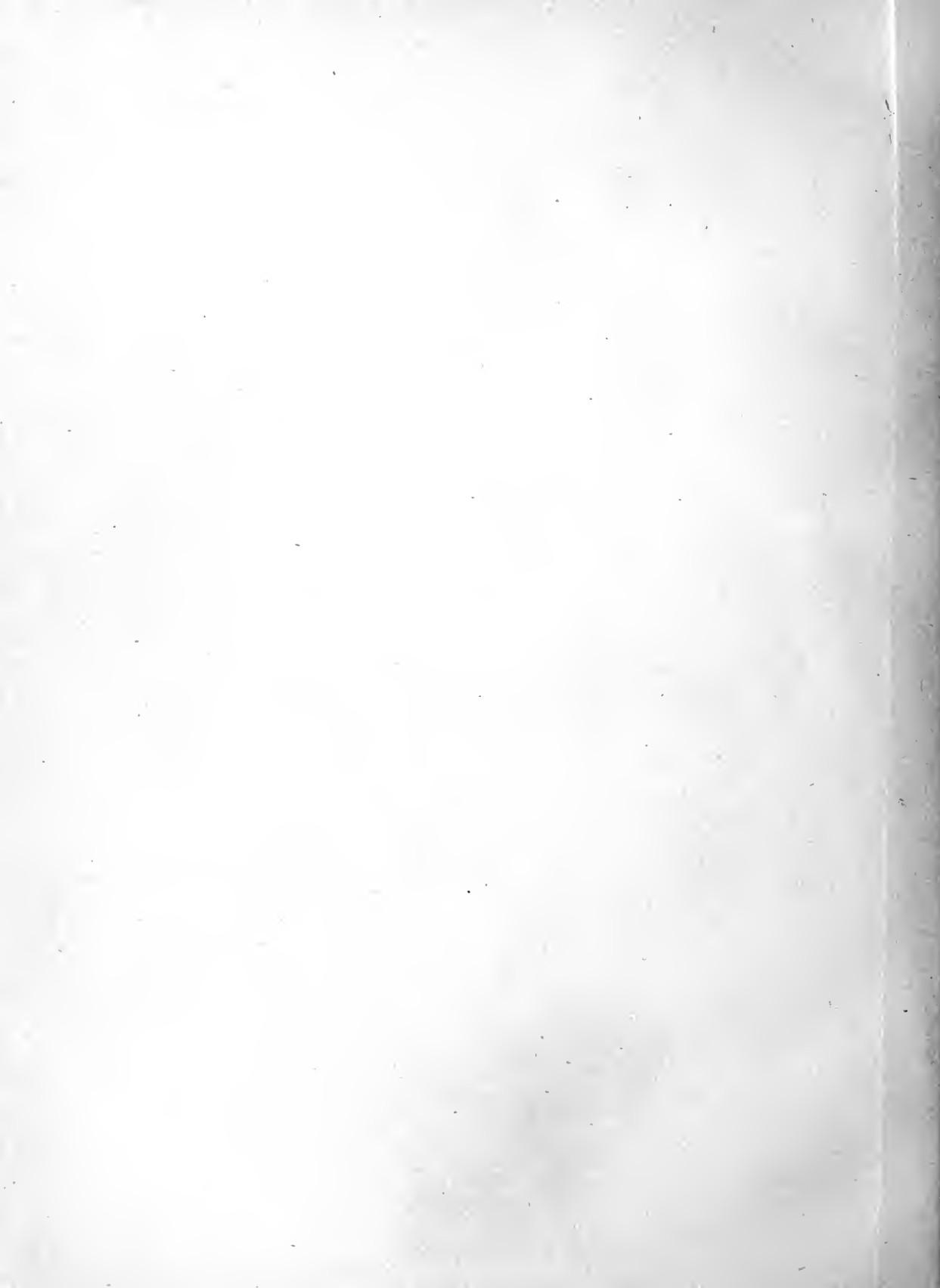


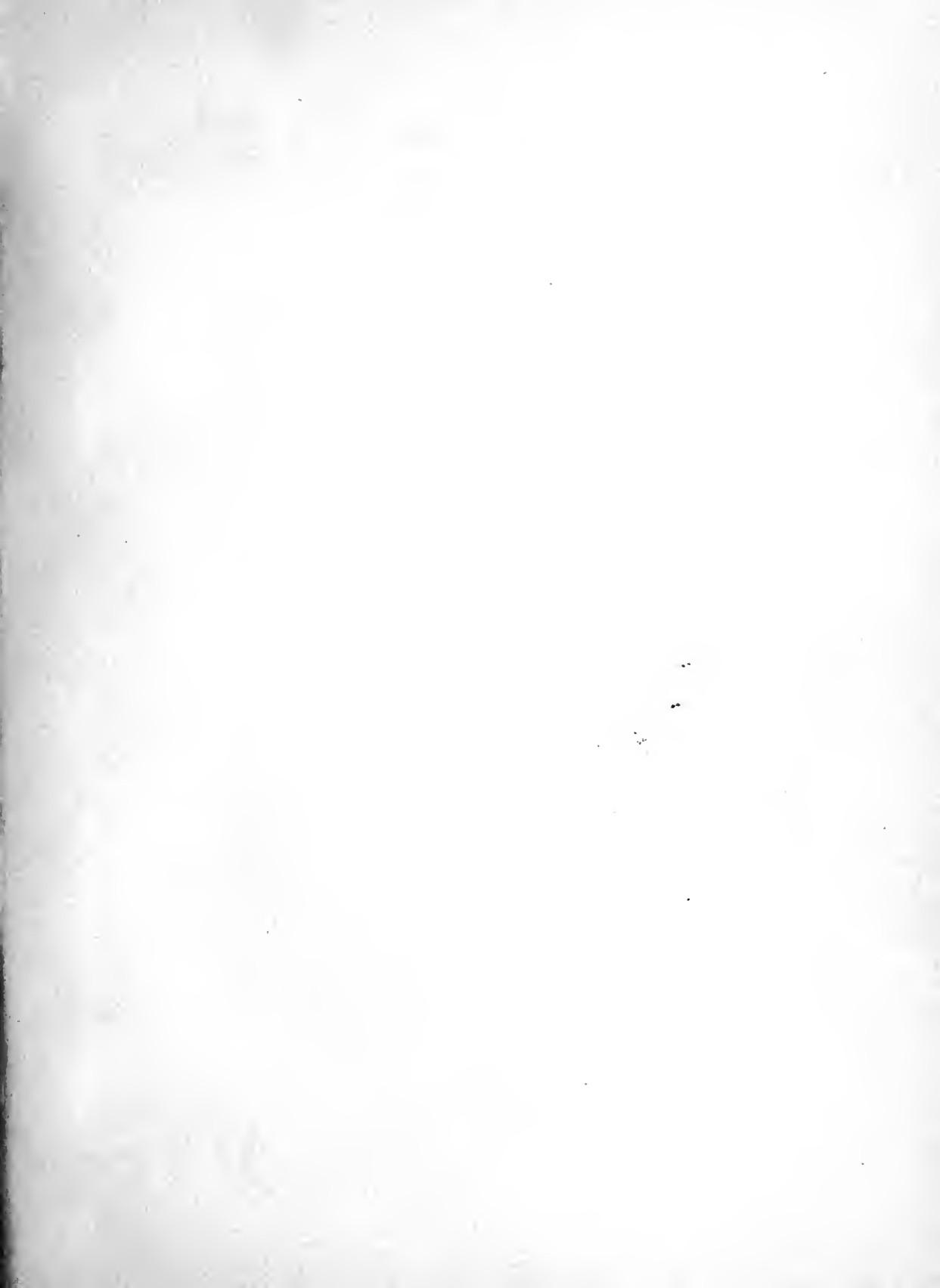


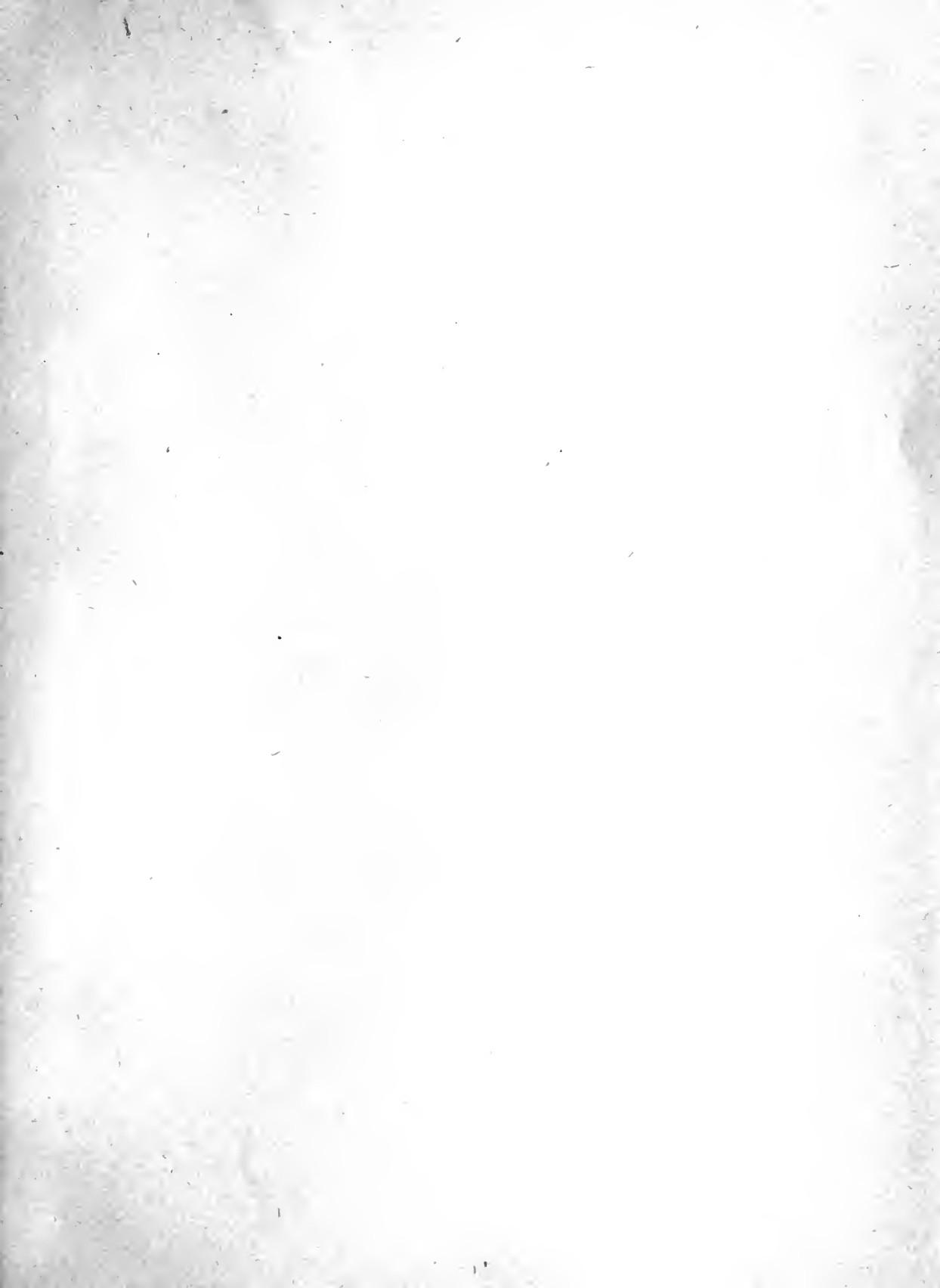












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